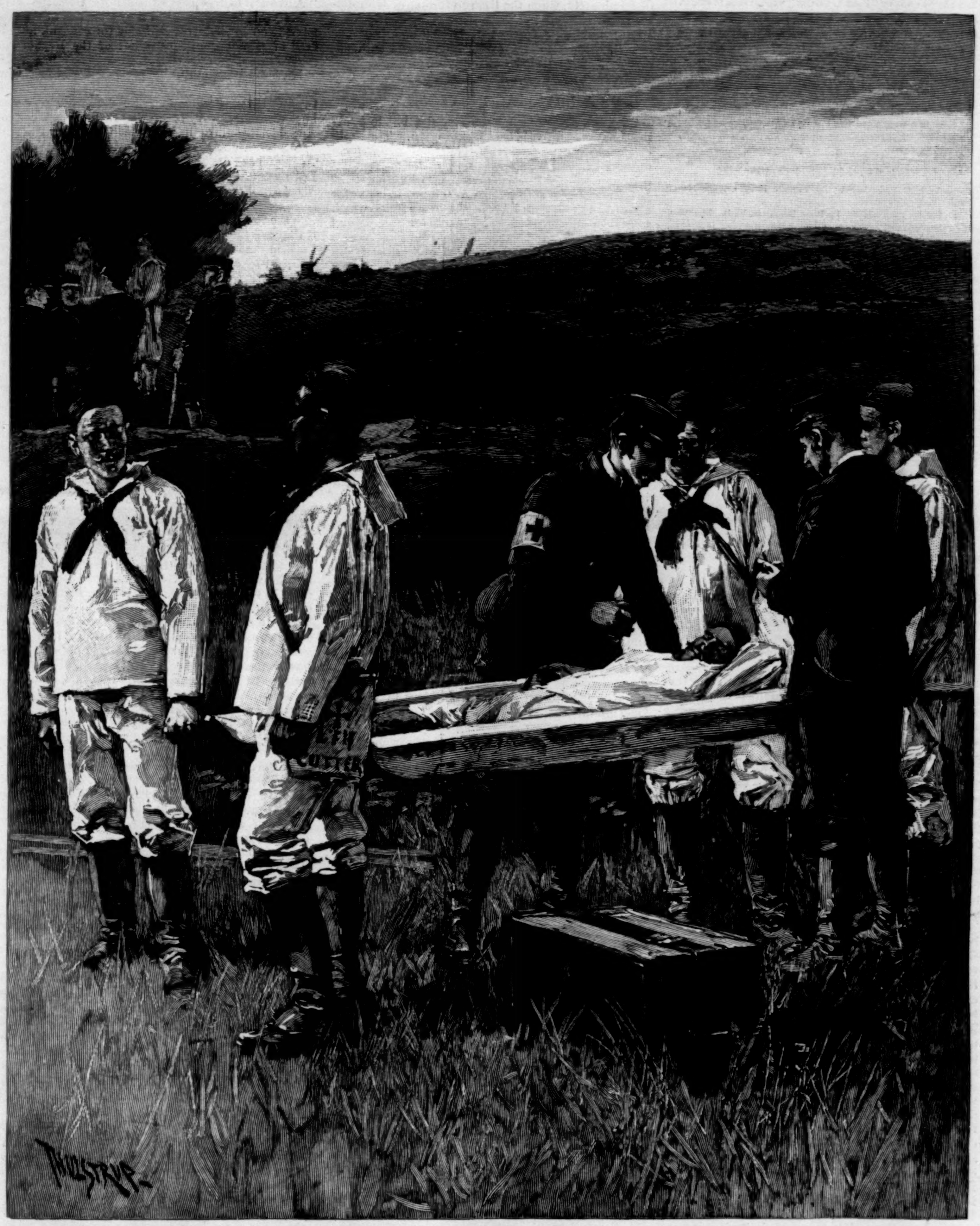
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIV.—No. 1745.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1890.
TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1890, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.



WITH THE SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION—THE AMBULANCE SERVICE IN THE "LANDING DRILL" AT CORFU.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 430.]

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, with a brilliant record of **40** *years behind it, begins its 5th decade in the* JUNE NUMBER, *with an entirely new and*

SUPREMELY DROLL

SERIAL STORY BY

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

"PORT TARASCON: THE LAST ADVENTURES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS TARTARIN," RELATES THE "HUGELY LAUGHABLE" ADVENTURES OF THE INIMITABLE HERO IN A COLONIAL ENTERPRISE IN POLYNESIA.

TRANSLATED BY
HENRY JAMES

THE TRANSLATION OF "PORT TARASCON" WILL APPEAR IN SERIAL FORM EXCLUSIVELY IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE AND IN ADVANCE OF BOOK PUBLICATION. A NOVEL BY DAUDET HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN FIRST PUBLISHED OUTSIDE OF FRANCE.

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRENCH ARTISTS

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATORS OF FRANCE—ROSSI, MYRBACH, AND OTHERS—WILL LEND THE CHARM OF THEIR ART TO "PORT TARASCON." THE FIRST INSTALMENT CONTAINS 24 ILLUSTRATIONS.

OTHER ATTRACTIVE CONTENTS.

THROUGH THE CAUCASUS. By Vicomte EUGÈNE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ. Illustrated.
THE ENEMY'S DISTANCE. By PARK BENJAMIN, Ph.D. Diagrams.
THE AMERICAN BURLESQUE. By LAURENCE HUTTON. Illustrated.
FÜRST BISMARCK. By GEORGE MORITZ WAHL. With Portrait.
THE BEST-GOVERNED CITY IN THE WORLD. By JULIAN RALPH. Illustrated.
THE YOUNG WHIST-PLAYER'S NOVITIATE. By Professor F. B. GOODRICH. Diagrams.
CHAPBOOK HEROES. By HOWARD PYLE. Illustrated.
SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES, POEMS, ETC.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

No. 1745.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND

SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE OF THE LEADERS ON THE TURF.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

DECORATION DAY.

ONE of the most interesting celebrations of Decoration Day this year is the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Washington Memorial Arch in New York. The idea of the arch and the temporary form given to it last year were both so happy that the propriety of a permanent memorial was instantly perceived. It is, indeed, a little singular that there has never been a distinct monument of the most important event in the annals of the city. This is a reproach of its public spirit which will now be removed, and in the fittest and most satisfactory manner. Decoration Day itself has taken its place among our pleasantest holidays. There was some fear at first that it might serve to prolong the memory of the tremendous controversy which first alienated the Northern and Southern sections of the Union, and then ended in the great civil war. But that has not proved to be the result. The undisputed courage and tenacity of both sides and the enormous common sacrifices of every kind prevented any belittling taunts of inferiority. It was a conflict of Americans to determine what could not be otherwise decided, and it ended without purpose or hope of renewal.

Moreover, it settled forever a question which would have become steadily more menacing with time, and which must have convulsed and divided the Union until it was settled. The sense of relief in the mere fact of settlement was profound and universal. The cause of the war is plain, but there is no doubt that both parties to it rejoice that the cause is removed. That it has left some perplexing public problems is undeniable. They are made subjects of party contention, but in that way only in a popular government can such problems be solved. This fact may seem to dispose patriotic men to regard the dispute with equanimity, sure, as they may be, that there is a wide and deep sympathy everywhere in the Union for those who are most immediately involved in the difficulties of settlement, and an equally diffused desire that the settlement shall come through the accepted and proved methods of our system in the adjustment of such troubles. The inevitable sectional feeling which attends the situation is to be regretted. But the imperative necessity of a wise adjustment arising from the national Union is in itself fortunate, because it will prevent the evils that would certainly follow permanent neglect.

There is one habit of speech which tends to perpetuate the old sectional jealousy which is worth some pains to correct. It is the habit of speaking of "the South" as if it were in some way the legitimate name of a distinct part of the country. There was some cause for it when the Southern States were distinctively slave States, for in that system and the theory of the Union, which was believed to make the system more secure, they had a common and separate interest. But now its significance is not only gone, but as a distinctive name it is merely mischievous, because it fosters the idea of a kind of separateness which is prejudicial to a true national sentiment. The old cry, "no North, no South, no East, no West," was raised for a purpose which destroyed its value. But that situation has passed away, and as a legend of such a union as now exists it is fit and true. When the graves of the gray and the blue are decorated indiscriminately, when the living veterans of both colors meet as friends upon old battle-fields, and when in Mississippi there is a League of the Blue and the Gray, it is time to disuse the words North and South, except as geographical expressions.

A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

SENATOR EDMUNDS has introduced a bill to establish a national university at Washington. The Methodists already propose one there, and the Roman Catholics have begun one. How many universities is it supposed will flourish there, and why should the government provide one? Would it not be better for Congress to found a university in every State, which would be much more convenient for the pupils? Would it be well to provide not only that instruction should be free, but that during the course of study the pupils should be maintained at the public expense? Is the government to take charge of every interest of the people? The government maintains a military and naval school to train soldiers and sailors for the public service. While we have an army and a navy, such schools are reasonable. But why should the government provide a university for general literary and scientific instruction, rather than a school or schools of trade? The disposition of rich citizens to found colleges and universities is one of the happiest characteristics of American prosperity. It is in strict accord with the distinctive American principle of self-help, and there is no reason to suppose that a national university would be of a higher grade than many which already exist.

The States support a system of public schools combined often with a compulsory law. The principle of State action is that its own welfare requires such a kind and degree of education, and that the money expended is spent for itself. Therefore in every State the people tax themselves to maintain primary schools, and elect the trustees to control them. The higher institutions, colleges and universities, are founded generally upon private endowments. Could there be a better system—a system which, besides furnishing special instruction, develops the self-reliance and generous independence of the citizen? The project of a national university like that contemplated by the EDMUNDS bill is not new. In 1872 two bills for the purpose were presented in the Senate, one by Mr. SAWYER, the other by Mr. HOWE. In 1886 Mr. INGALLS introduced one which was substantially that of Mr. SAWYER. The scheme has been often and earnestly advocated in meetings of educational associations, and it has a certain fascination for those who regard government as a *deus ex machina* to produce desirable results. The plan of the bills we have mentioned was the subject of an admirable report by President ELIOT, of Harvard, to the National Educational Association in 1873, which was reprinted the next year by request of a number of gentlemen interested in the subject, when the President called the attention of Congress to the project.

All the plans contemplate a Board of Regents to be appointed by the President, or Governors of States, or Congress, and certain *ex officio* members, and all forbid sectarian or partisan teaching. They all, we believe, also provide for an appropriation of five millions of dollars for the maintenance of the university. We see no reason to believe that public opinion is more favorable to the scheme of a national university under the control of Congress than it was seventeen or four years ago. This feeling is not due to indifference to education, because on all sides the standard of education is rising and its opportunities are increasing. It is due to the feeling that the interests of higher education may safely be left to local care, and that the government of the United States is not a well-chosen agency for their management. Should Mr. EDMUNDS offer an argument for his bill, however, we may be sure that it will say for it cogently all that can be said.

MR. THURSTON'S APPEAL.

MR. R. H. THURSTON, of Cornell University, writes an earnest and sincere appeal to the *Tribune* for patriotic civil service reformers and tariff reformers and lovers of honest government to unite with the Republican party, for the general reason that it was once a party of great and beneficent achievements, and that the few demagogues who now "seem for the moment to control" it are but flakes of foam upon the surface of the wave. The appeal expresses a natural feeling of tender attachment to the party name under which noble results have been accomplished. But why is such an appeal necessary? Those to whom it is addressed were generally original Republicans, and they were always until recently proud of the party name. Why are they, as Mr. THURSTON implies, out of the party? Are a "handful of demagogues" in control of it because those old Republicans are out, or are they out because the demagogues got control while they were in? If the party sentiment and drift were opposed to the demagogues, how did they get control? Mr. QUAY is the chairman of the national party committee. Who elected him? The representatives of the party from every State. "A handful of demagogues" did not control the party thirty years ago. How did they "happen at the moment to come to the front"? By the consent, not indeed of honest Republicans, but of the Republican party as an organized body.

Mr. THURSTON naturally protests that those who agree with him are really the Republican party. So, twenty years ago, did the old Republicans to whom he appeals. But they found that they were mistaken. Antislavery Whigs insisted that they were the true Whig party. But the event proved them to be in error. In New York the Republican party, as shown in the Legislature, acknowledges the leadership of Mr. PLATT. Would the party probably depose Mr. PLATT if the old Republicans should, in Mr. THURSTON's phrase, "come into the ranks of the better of the two parties"? But if they are there no longer, it is because it was evident to them that they could secure the ends of good government by coming out. Have they done so? Undoubtedly. If Mr. THURSTON is of opinion that reform in the civil service, for instance, would be advanced, even so far as its present stage, except for the action which he deprecates, we differ. Indeed, except for that action we doubt whether the Civil Service Commission would be constituted as it now is. If all Republican civil service reformers had acquiesced in whatever the party might do upon that subject, on the ground that it held sounder views than the Democratic party, or, as Mr. THURSTON says, was "the better of the two parties," the reform would have been as effectually baffled as many Republican leaders still desire to see it. When Mr. ARTHUR was a Republican leader in New York he used to say, "Oh, let the reformers sputter; they'll all vote the ticket." The reform bill passed Congress only after the defeat of the party at the polls.

It is lost time for lovers of honest government to come back into "the better of the two parties," "and there fight continually for its purification." The only way to fight for the purification of a party is to correct its wrong tendencies by defeat, not to support them in the foolish hope that if you strengthen them by approval they can be more readily overthrown. The better way is to fight for the purification of the government, and let party take care of itself. The veteran politician who wished his epitaph to be "Here lies Richard Roe, who for sixty years always voted the regular Democratic ticket," was, in the phrase of Artemus Ward, "an amoosin' cuss," but he was neither a good patriot nor a wise man.

THE COURTS AND A QUORUM.

IN the debate upon counting a quorum we do not remember to have seen the case in Zanesville, Ohio, cited, in which the Supreme Court of the State ruled some years ago in accordance with Speaker REED's view. At the election of the clerk of the City Council, the Republican members being present refused to vote. A legal opinion was given by Republican counsel that a quorum being actually present when the vote was taken, the Democratic clerk was elected by the vote cast. The case was taken to the Supreme Court of the State, composed of four Republicans and one Democrat, and the court held unanimously that the Democratic clerk was legally chosen. This, we believe, is consonant with the rule laid down by the courts whenever the question has been raised. The Constitution of the United States authorizes less than a quorum to compel the attendance of absent members. This power is given for the very purpose of making a quorum, and it is held to be useless if the member, when his presence has been compelled, cannot be counted if he refuses to vote. A member's presence can be compelled, but not his vote. But if the refusal to vote annuls the presence, what, it is asked, is the object of constitutionally authorizing his presence to be forced?

General GARFIELD and others have laid stress upon "participation." Admitting the power to force attendance, they urged that as participation or voting could not be forced, no quorum was legally present. But the legal ruling has been that all members actually present and free to vote, and knowing that a vote is being taken, are considered in law as assenting that the voice of the body may be expressed by a majority of the actual voters. It would follow, of course, that if a quorum be actually present and free to vote, and aware that a vote is taking, but when the roll is called refuse to vote, one member voting speaks for the whole body, and the measure is either adopted or lost, unless some constitutional provision or rule of the body has established a different rule. The Constitution of New York, to prevent the enactment of a law by such a vote, provides that no bill shall become a law except by a vote in each House of all the members elected, and for laying taxes and certain other purposes a vote of three-fifths is required. But there is no such provision in the national Constitution. It is further urged that as the law does not recognize in any member of a Legislature a *right* actually to absent himself from its sessions, it will not recognize a constructive right of absence by refusing to vote. A member may be silent, but in the presence of a quorum his silence gives consent to the actual voting.

The question thus legally presented is very interesting, and it is unfortunate that Mr. Carlisle did not carry it up to the courts, as he and his friends were understood to intend. If they could have made a case, the Speaker's position would have been fatally injured in the public mind if the court had decided in substance against him. As it is, the decision of the House will doubtless stand, because no other party majority is likely to divest itself of the power to carry its legislation even in the culpable absence of its own members. It is certainly an extraordinary situation that when, for instance, less than a majority of members elected to pass a high protective tariff are present in their places, enough of the members elected to oppose such a tariff may be counted to enable less than the majority of protectionists to pass the bill. The party majority in a party assembly ought to be compelled to assume its proper responsibility, and it is a serious omission in the Constitution that it does not require for the passage of every law not the presence, but the vote of the majority of members elected to each House.

THE STING OF THE BUTTERWORTH SPEECH.

Mr. Butterworth's speech has naturally attracted great attention. It is repudiated as a statement of the Republican doctrine of protection, but it is a vivid and forcible expression of the doctrine of Henry Clay. It is indicative also of a sentiment which prevails largely among Republicans. This is privately well known, and the telegram to Mr. Butterworth from Republicans in Chicago, and the remarks of Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, show that there are other Republicans besides Mr. Butterworth who are not unwilling to avow it. "So far as the McKinley bill is concerned," Mr. Dawes is reported as saying, "if it should be found to impose anything else than exactly an equalization of the conditions of protection, it would go beyond any point that he would be able to support. Long since these opinions of his had been on record."

Meanwhile Mr. Butterworth has been in substance warned that he must stand or fall as a Republican by the McKinley bill. Yet he said deliberately and strongly that protection "is the wisest and most beneficial economic system which could have been devised," and that it had scattered blessings through the land. He reiterated that he was as thoroughly devoted to the protective system and as fully opposed to free-trade as any man on the floor of the House. This seems to be an explicit and unmistakable adhesion to protection. But it is apparently not enough. It is his doctrine of protection which is unsatisfactory.

Yet what is that doctrine? In his own words, "The preservation of the equality of opportunity in this country." It is to give every laborer an equal chance to get his fair share of the product of his labor. To give a chance to some industries which is denied to others, is, in Mr. Butterworth's opinion, not only unjust, but outrageous. If this does not deserve the name by which Henry Clay used to describe his views—the American system—nothing deserves it. It is American, because America means fair play. The sting of Mr. Butterworth's speech is his plain exposure, which is irrefutable, that the tariff is not fair. It does not protect every industry equally. It does impose, in the words of Mr. Dawes, something "else than exactly an equalization of conditions of protection." Does Mr. Butterworth cease to be a Republican because as a protectionist he declares the original and fundamental Republican doctrine of equal rights?

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Mr. Edmunds says in the Senate that the late judgment of the Supreme Court in regard to State prohibition of the sale of liquor asserts that neither the State nor the national authority can deal with the subject. Mr. Edmunds says that the judgment holds substantially that there is an inherent right in the citizen of any State to carry into another State and there to sell what that State regards as injurious, and that Congress cannot prevent it, nor can the State prevent it except by authority of Congress. There is a flaw in somebody's logic, says Mr. Edmunds. He thinks that this judgment is a great step toward centralization of power—somewhere, and probably in the Supreme Court. Mr. Edmunds contends that when once intoxicating liquors are in a State, whether in the hands of its citizens or not, they are subject to State laws, and he thinks that the Supreme Court will so decide within twenty years. The power of the United States to levy taxes and regulate commerce is no greater within its sphere than the power of the State within its sphere to deal with commodities and the conduct of its citizens. Both powers are supreme, and each must be exercised within its own order.

When Mr. Hoar took the same ground, Mr. Hiscock asked whether Congress could delegate its power to regulate inter-State commerce to a State which wished to exclude, not liquors, but manufactures of wool. Mr. Hoar replied that he did not go so far. It is evident that the question is between the police powers of the State and the power of Congress over inter-State commerce. The regulation of the sale of intoxicating liquor is held to be a primary power of the State. But if the opinion of the minority of the Judges as to the scope of the judgment of the Court be correct, that power is controlled by Congress. It would follow that Congress could authorize the State regulation of the sale of manufactures of wool as well as of intoxicating liquors.

The Supreme Court has already decided that the State may regulate or restrict as it pleases any traffic within its borders which it holds to be noxious to the public health or morals. It is not easy to see why this decision does not authorize State prohibition or high license despite the power of Congress to regulate commerce among the several States.

SOCIALISM IN PARLIAMENT.

Lord Salisbury's recent reply to Lord Wemyss's deprecation of the tendency of Parliament toward what he called grandmotherly, usually known as paternal, legislation was characteristically English. John Stuart Mill pointed out the indifference of the English mind to logic in politics. It wants not a symmetrical system, but one that will work. Edmund Burke was its orator when, in his speech on conciliation with America, he insisted that Parliament should not discuss the abstract point of right to tax the colonies, but the practical question whether it was expedient to tax them.

Lord Wemyss declared that the present tendency of Parliamentary legislation is socialistic. Lord Salisbury did not deny it; but he said there is nothing more socialistic than the Post-office and the Mint, yet nothing more justifiable. It is not practical politics, he said, to label legislation as socialistic or otherwise; but every question should be considered upon its own merits. "The public could be trusted to find out what practical good lies behind the socialist doctrine. Nobody not absolutely blind could deny the existence of great evils from which arose the socialist proposals and action. Industrial and other causes produced great centres of misery. We are bound to do all we can to remedy these evils, even if we are called socialists, knowing we are undertaking no new principle or striking out on no new route, but are simply pursuing the long and healthy tradition of English legislation."

This is undeniable. All state aid to industrial or private enterprises is open to the charge of socialism. The modern English measures for the relief of Ireland are of this kind. A protective tariff, by its very terms, is of the same kind. It is not designed merely to secure a revenue for the government, but to "protect," to favor and sustain, a certain class of citizens. It is unequal in its operation, but it is socialistic in its essence and purpose. Lord Salisbury defines socialism as "the state doing something that might be done by private persons for the sake of gain." Carrying letters, lighting the streets, conveying passengers, are illustrations of projects that fall under Lord Salisbury's definition. Every wise government is socialistic in some degree. The safety-valve of the tendency is the English practice of deciding practically, not theoretically. It is England, not France, which has advanced liberty.

SECRETARY STANTON.

Among the monuments to the great men of the epoch of the civil war there is as yet none to Mr. Stanton, and the House Committee on the Library recommend the passage of the bill providing for such a monument. In support of its recommendation the committee say: "To perpetuate by enduring monuments the memory of the great few who are thus raised in great crises for the salvation of a nation is a duty and a privilege sanctioned by custom and demanded by the natural feelings of grateful patriotism." No one will deny the great claims of the immense services of Mr. Stanton to the grateful and perpetual acknowledgment of his countrymen.

We speak with just honor and gratitude of Mr. Lincoln, of Generals Grant and Sherman, of Farragut and Porter, and their associate heroes, and of the boy in blue, who is commemorated in statues of the Union soldier on many a village green. But among the great men and leaders of the war Mr. Stanton must be always included. It was most fortunate for the President that at his right hand stood a man so wise, so constant, so inflexible. In the War-Office at that time, and under all the complicated and inconceivable difficulties of the situation, the qualities of Stanton were indispensable. The leaders in Congress, says the report of the committee, had unbounded confidence in his wisdom and integrity.

It is impossible to recall the spotless patriotism of the great leaders of the war, whether in council or in the field, without feeling that they were indeed providential men. If among them all we think less frequently of Stanton, it is because the conditions of his service withdrew him from public view, and because its necessary rigor invited hostility and calumny. But with what indomitable force and ceaseless energy he did his duty! How in the complete exhaustion of the steady and prolonged strain upon his faculties he gave his life for his country as truly as any brave boy who fell in the blazing lines at Gettysburg or Shiloh! As became an American patriot, "he was the impersonation of honesty, and after controlling the expenditure of $3,000,000,000 he died poor as he had lived." Congress need not doubt that the grant for Stanton's monument will be approved by the country.

A MISSTATEMENT.

The Boston *Daily Advertiser* says that Harper's Weekly claims ballot reform and civil service reform as Democratic measures, but does not say when or in what words the claim was made. On the 10th of May, which was the latest date of the Weekly that the *Advertiser* could have seen, the Weekly said, in accord with its uniform remarks upon the subject:

> "The approval of the bill by the Governor would show the force of public opinion, for, however imperfect the law may be, it will work unquestionably a reform which the Governor does not like, and which is naturally repugnant to his school of politicians."

This has always been the opinion of the Weekly, and it has never thought or said that ballot reform and civil service reform and temperance reform are Democratic measures, or that they are demanded or supported by the general opinion of the Democratic party.

PERSONAL.

The romance which has resulted in the marriage of Walter John Damrosch, the well-known musical conductor, and Miss Margaret Isabella Blaine, daughter of Secretary of State Blaine, was begun during Mr. Carnegie's famous coaching trip through the Scotch Highlands in 1888, both the young people being members of the party. It was continued the following summer at Mount Desert and at Ellsworth, Maine, where Mr. Damrosch and Miss Blaine were the guests of Senator and Mrs. Hale. Now that it has reached so happy a conclusion, the bride and bridegroom are going abroad for their wedding trip, during which they will again visit Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie in their Scotch home.

—Rev. Dr. Joseph D. Wickan, of Manchester, Vermont, who was graduated from Yale College in 1815, is her oldest living alumnus, and the only surviving member of his class. He is ninety-three years old, but in excellent health, and has recently been visiting friends in Derby, Connecticut.

—The coming marriage of Henry M. Stanley to Miss Dorothy Tennant, the clever London artist, seems to indicate that the intrepid explorer has grown tired of a life of adventure, and will stick more closely to the bounds of civilization in the future. Miss Tennant, while not a young woman, is said to possess beauty of a noble and high-bred type, and is prominent in the literary and art circles of London.

—Ex-Secretary of the Navy Whitney and his family have gone to Europe for a prolonged stay.

—The late James H. Woods, of this city, a wealthy bachelor eighty years old, had a taste for collecting scarf-pins, and when he died left a large assortment of them. Some of these he gave to friends, while others, according to his will, are to be disposed of, and the proceeds given to charity.

—The Dorr rebellion in Rhode Island is recalled by the death of ex-Governor Elisha Dyer at Providence. During the little insurrection he was Adjutant-General, and had entire charge of the State forces and plans. Later he was Governor for two terms. He was President of the first national musical congress, held at Boston in 1869, and President Grant made him honorary Commissioner to the Vienna Exposition.

—Those who attend the Commencement exercises at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, this year will be given an unusually ambitious entertainment by members of the graduating class. This will be the presentation of a musical composition based upon the book of Job, which has been arranged by Dr. Blodgett, the Professor of Music. The work is mostly recitative, with choral elements, based upon a symphonic orchestral structure, which will be rendered by leading Boston musicians.

—John Elliott Curran, who died at Englewood, New Jersey, on the 18th of May, was one of the most promising of the younger writers of American fiction. His contributions to the leading magazines were read with interest, and a novel from his pen met with marked success. Among the best of his short stories were "Joe Gilfillan" and "Polly Winslow," published in Harper's Magazine within the past year.

—Arthur Orton, the "Tichborne claimant," tried to emerge from his obscurity and run for Parliament as a home-ruler recently, but could not pay the election bills, and was dropped.

—The author of the London *Times* articles on "Parnellism and Crime," a Mr. Flannagan, was blackballed when he sought admission to the Athenæum Club in London recently.

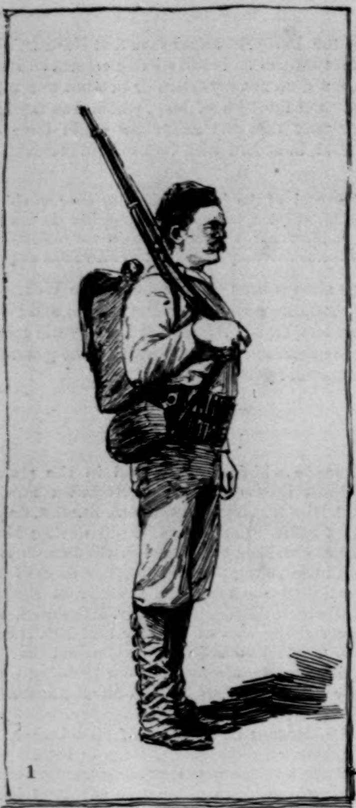
—The English Countess of Carloty died recently in Paris, where she lived alone and apparently in poverty. After her death $10,000 in gold and $40,000 in notes were found in her room.

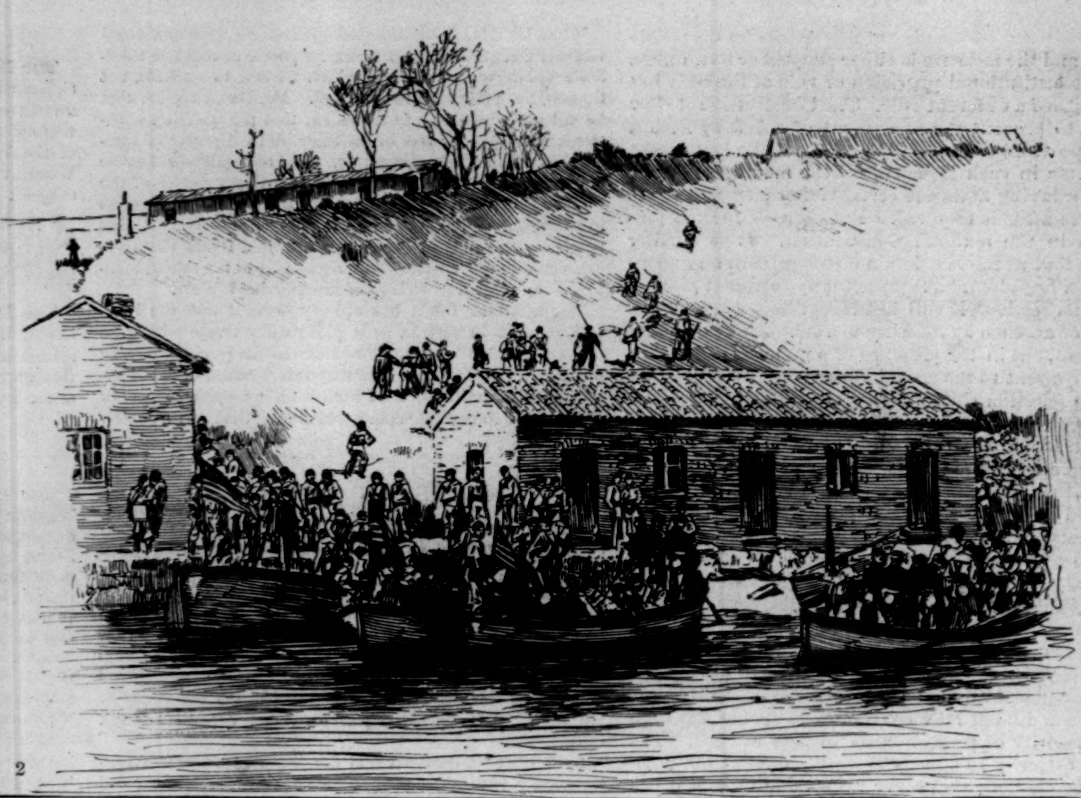
—Robert Louis Stevenson has bought four hundred acres of land near Apia, Samoa, and will build a home there for his wife and himself.

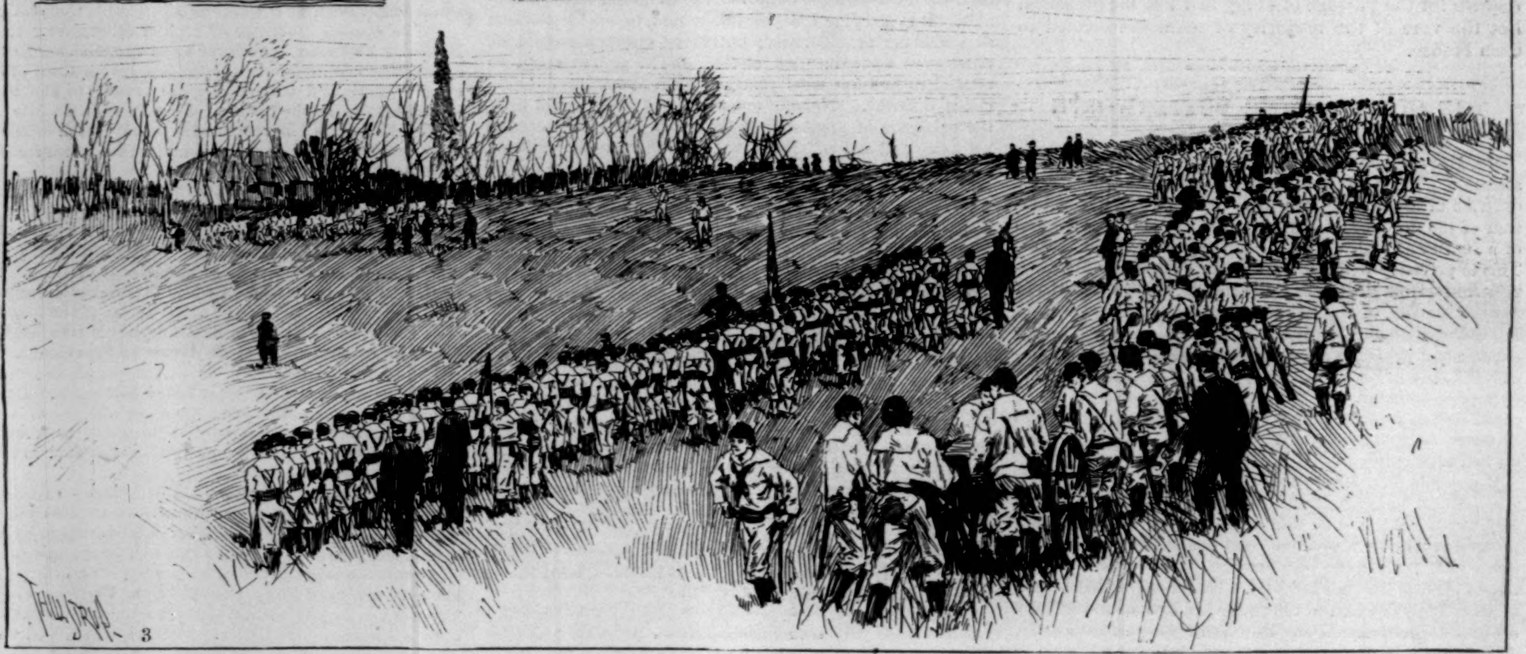
—Michael Davitt, the Irish leader, is to edit a new weekly labor paper in London.

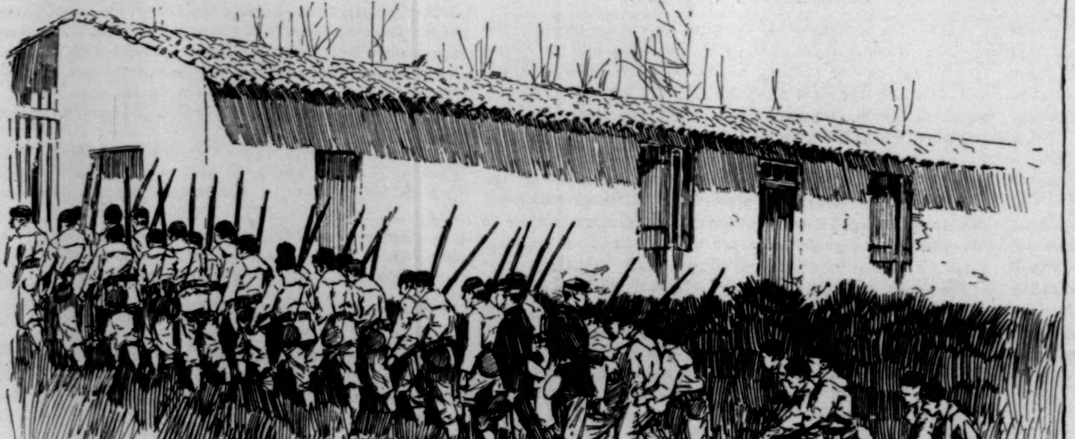
—A Berlin antiquary has come into possession of the dagger with which Ravaillac assassinated Henry IV. of France. It was stolen from the Palais de Justice in Paris in 1815.

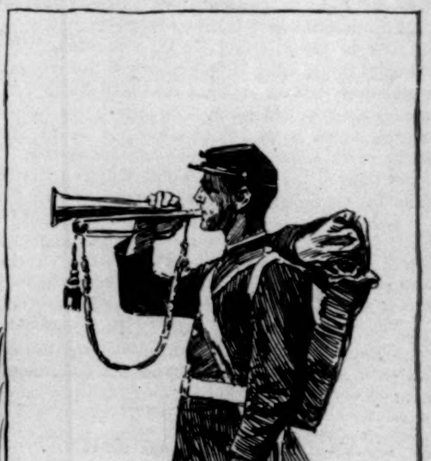
—The youngest man in the United States holding a regular Colonel's commission is Nicholas P. Hartman, of Brooklyn, twenty-two years old. While a boy in the Williamsburg schools he displayed unusual taste for military matters, and perfected himself in the sword drill. In 1886 his military attainments won for him an appointment to a special course in tactics at West Point, defective eye-sight preventing his admission to the regular course. There a company composed of officers from the various classes, selected for their proficiency in drill, was organized, with Hartman as Captain, and it soon became the best-drilled military organization in the United States. Captain Hartman has now been commissioned Colonel of the Washington military company, the crack organization of seventy-two men which forms the body-guard of the President. He is also regarded as the champion swordsman of America.





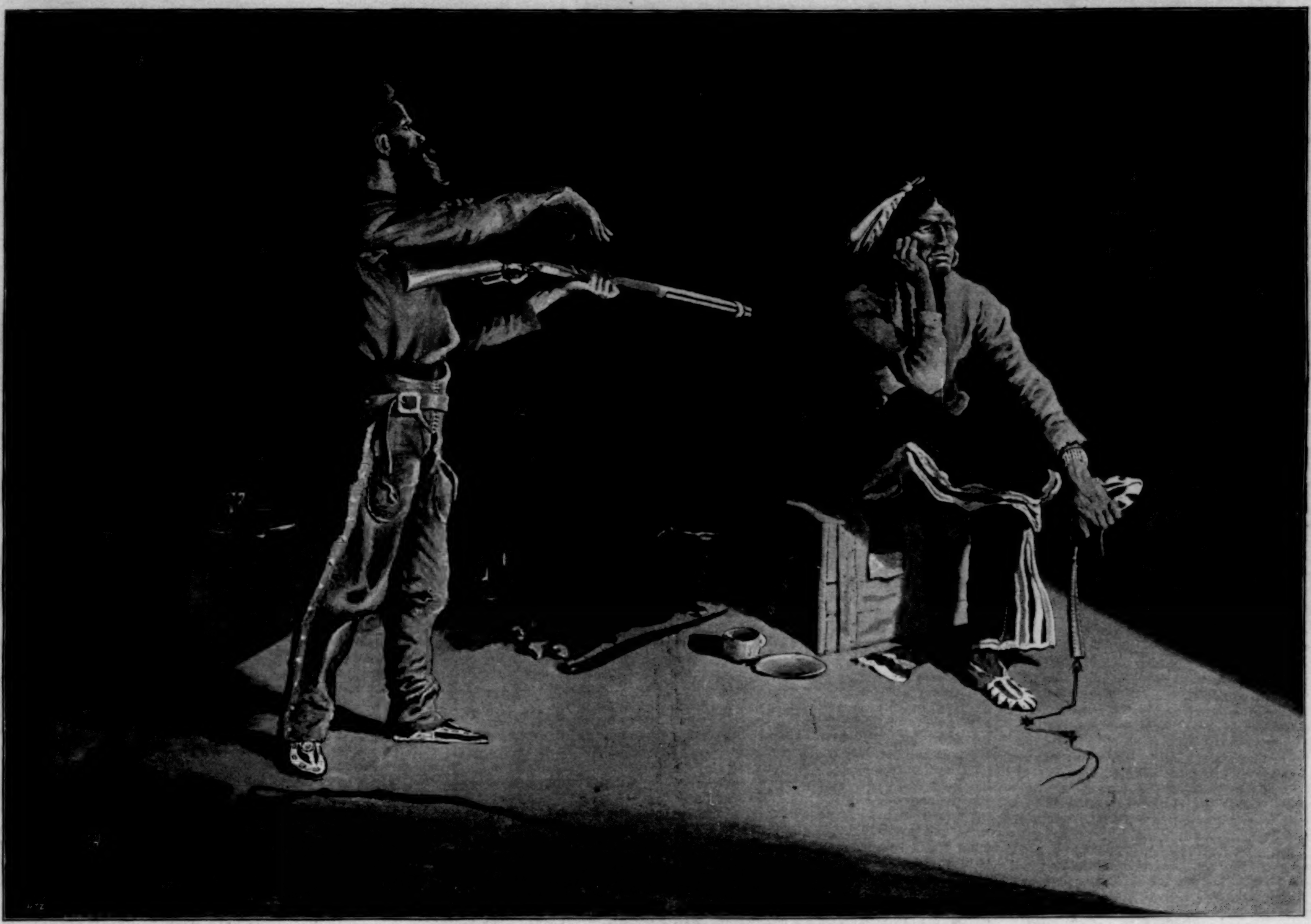






LANDING DRILL OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE WITH THE SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION AT CORFU.
Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Photographs taken for "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 430.]

1. Sailor equipped for Landing Service. 2. Artillery landing. 3. Throwing out a Company for Deployment—Artillery moving in Rear of Line to the Right Flank. 4. Climbing the Hill from Landing. 5. Marine Bugler.



"'YOU KNOW THIS THING, CHIEF?' THE INDIAN NODDED SLIGHTLY."

DRIFTING CRANE.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE people of Boomtown invariably spoke of Henry Wilson as the oldest settler in the Jim Valley, as he was of Buster County; but the Eastern man, with his ideas of an "old settler," was surprised as he met the short, silent, middle-aged man, who was very loath to tell anything about himself, and about whom many strange and thrilling stories were told by good story-tellers. In 1879 he was the only settler in the upper part of the valley, living alone on the banks of the Elm, a slow, tortuous stream pulsing lazily down the valley, too small to be called a river and too long to be called a creek. For two years, it is said, Wilson had only the company of his cattle, especially during the winter-time, and now and then a visit from an Indian, or a trapper after mink and musk-rats.

Between his ranch and the settlements in eastern Dakota there was the wedge-shaped reservation known as the "Sisseton Indian Reserve," on which was stationed the customary agency and company of soldiers. But of course at that time the Indians were not restricted closely to the bounds of the reserve, but ranged freely over the vast and beautiful prairie lying between the coteaux or ranges of low hills which mark out "the Jim Valley." The valley was unsurveyed for the most part, and the Indians naturally felt a sort of proprietorship in it, and when Wilson drove his cattle down into the valley and "squatted," the chief, Drifting Crane, welcomed him as a host might to an abundant feast whose hospitality was presumed upon, but who felt the need of sustaining his reputation as a host, and submitted graciously.

The Indians during the first summer got to know Wilson, and liked him for his silence, his courage, his generosity; but the older men pondered upon the matter a great deal and watched with grave faces to see him ploughing up the sod for his garden. There was something strange in this solitary man thus deserting his kindred, coming here to live alone with his cattle; they could not understand it. What they said in those pathetic, dimly lighted lodges will never be known; but when winter came, and the new-comer did not drive his cattle back over the hills as they thought he would, then the old chieftains took long counsel upon it. Night after night they smoked upon it, and at last Drifting Crane said to two of his young men, "Go ask this cattleman why he remains in the cold and snow with his cattle. Ask him why he does not drive his cattle home."

This was in March, and one evening a couple of days later, as Wilson was about re-entering his shanty at the close of his day's work, he was confronted by two stalwart Indians, who greeted him pleasantly.

"How d'e do? How d'e do?" he said in reply. "Come in. Come in and take a snack."

The Indians entered and sat silently while he put some food on the table. They hardly spoke till after they had eaten. The Indian is always hungry, for the reason that his food supply is insufficient and his clothing poor. When they sat on the cracker boxes and soap boxes which served as seats, they spoke. They told him of the chieftain's message. They said they had come to assist him in driving his cattle back across the hills; that he must go.

To all this talk in the Indian's epigrammatic way, and in the dialect which has never been written, the rancher replied almost as briefly: "You go back and tell Drifting Crane that I like this place; that I'm here to stay; that I don't want any help to drive my cattle. I'm on the lands of the Great Father at Washington, and Drifting Crane 'ain't got any say about it. Now that signs the whole thing up. I 'ain't got anything against you nor against him, but I'm a settler; that's my constitution; and now I'm settled I'm going to stay."

While the Indians discussed his words between themselves he made a bed of blankets on the floor and said: "I never turn anybody out. A white man is just as good as an Indian as long as he behaves himself as well. You can bunk here."

The Indians didn't understand his words fully, but they did understand his gesture, and they smiled and accepted the courtesy so like their own rude hospitality. Then they all smoked a pipe of tobacco in silence, and at last Wilson turned in and went serenely off to sleep, hearing the mutter of the Indians lying before the fire.

In the morning he gave them as good a breakfast as he had—bacon and potatoes, with coffee and crackers. Then he shook hands, saying: "Come again. I 'ain't got anything against you. You've done y'r duty. Now go back and tell your chief what I've said. I'm at home every day. Good-day."

The Indians smiled kindly, and drawing their blankets over their arms, went away toward the east.

During April and May two or three reconnoitring parties of land hunters drifted over the hills and found him out. He was glad to see them, for, to tell the truth, the solitude of his life was telling on him. The winter had been severe, and he had hardly caught a glimpse of a white face during the three midwinter months, and his provisions were scanty.

These parties brought great news. One of them was the advance surveying party for the great northern railroad, and they said a line of road was to be surveyed during the summer if their report was favorable.

"Well, what d'ye think of it?" Wilson asked, with a smile.

"Think! It's immense!" said a small man in the party, whom the rest called "Judge" Balser. "Why, they'll be a town of four thousand inhabitants in this valley before snow flies. We'll send the surveyors right over the divide next month."

They sent some papers to Wilson a few weeks later, which he devoured as a hungry dog would devour a plate of bacon. The papers were full of the wonderful resources of the Jim Valley. It spoke of the nutritious grasses for stock. It spoke of the successful venture of the lonely settler Wilson, how his stock fattened upon the winter grasses without shelter, etc., what vegetables he grew, etc., etc.

Wilson was reading this paper for the sixth time one evening in May. He had laid off his boots, his pipe was freshly filled, and he sat in the doorway in vast content, unmindful of the glory of color that filled the western sky, and the superb evening chorus of the prairie-chickens, holding conventions on every hillock. He felt something touch him on the shoulder, and looked up to see a tall Indian gazing down upon him with a look of strange pride and gravity. Wilson sprang to his feet and held out his hand.

"Drifting Crane, how d'e do?"

The Indian bowed, but did not take the settler's hand. Drifting Crane would have been called old if he had been a white man, and there was a look of age in the fixed lines of his powerful, strongly modelled face, but no suspicion of weakness in the splendid poise of his broad, muscular body. There was a smileless gravity about his lips and eyes which was very impressive.

"I'm glad to see you. Come in and get something to eat," said Wilson, after a moment's pause.

The chief entered the cabin, and took a seat near the door. He took a cup of milk and some meat and bread silently, and ate while listening to the talk of the settler.

"I don't brag on my biscuits, chief, but they *eat*, if a man is hungry enough. An' the milk's all right. I suppose you've come to see why I ain't moseying back over the divide?"

The chief, after a long pause, began to speak in a low, slow voice, as if choosing his words. He spoke in broken English, of course, but his speech was very direct and plain, and had none of those absurd figures of rhetoric which romancers invariably put into the mouths of Indians. His voice was almost lion-like in its depth, and yet was not unpleasant. It was easy to see that he was a chief by virtue of his own personality.

"Cattle-man, my young men brought me bad message from you. They brought your words to me, saying he will not go away."

"That's about the way the thing stood," replied Wilson, in response to the question that was in the old chief's steady eyes. "I'm here to stay. This ain't your land. This is Uncle Sam's land, and part of it 'll be mine as soon as the surveyors come to measure it off."

"Who gave it away?" asked the chief. "My people were cheated out of it. They didn't know what they were doing."

"I can't help that. That's fer Congress to say. That's the business of the Great Father at Washington." Wilson's voice changed. He knew and liked the chief; he didn't want to offend him. "They ain't no use making a fuss, chief. You won't gain anything."

There was a look of deep sorrow in the old man's face. At last he spoke again. "The cattle-man is welcome; but he must go, because wherever one white man goes and calls it good, the others come. Drifting Crane has seen it far in the east twice. The white men come thick as the grass. They tear up the sod. They build houses. They scare the buffalo away. They spoil my young men with whiskey. Already they begin to climb the eastern hills. Soon they will fill the valley, and Drifting Crane and his people will be surrounded. The sod would be all torn up."

"I hope you're right," was the rancher's grim reply.

"But they will not come if the cattle-man go back to say the water is not good. There is no grass, and the Indians own the land."

Wilson smiled at the childish faith of the chief. "Won't do, chief—won't do. That won't do any good. I might as well stay."

The chief rose. He was touched by the settler's laugh; his eyes flashed; his voice took on a sterner note. "The white man *must* go!"

Wilson rose also. He was not a large man, but he was a very resolute one. "I sha'n't go!" he said, through his clinched teeth. Each man understood the tones of the other perfectly.

It was a thrilling, a significant scene. It was in absolute truth the meeting of the modern vidette of civilization with one of the rear-guard of retreating barbarism. Each man was a type; each was wrong, and each was right. The Indian as true and noble from the barbaric point of view as the white man. He was a warrior and hunter—made so by circumstances over which he had no control. Guiltless as the panther, because war to a savage is the necessity of life.

The settler represented the unflagging energy and fearless heart of the American pioneer. Narrow-minded, partly brutalized by hard labor and a lonely life, yet an admirable figure for all that. As he looked into the Indian's face he seemed to grow in height. He felt behind him all the weight of the millions of Westward-moving settlers; he stood the representative of an unborn State. He took down a rifle from the wall—the magazine rifle, most modern of guns; he patted the stock, pulled the crank, throwing a shell into view.

"You know this thing, chief?"

The Indian nodded slightly.

"Well, I'll go when—this—is—empty."

"But my young men are many."

"So are the white men—my brothers."

The chief's head dropped forward. Wilson, ashamed of his boasting, put the rifle back on the wall.

"I'm not here to fight. You can kill me any time. You could 'a' killed me to-night, but it wouldn't do any good. It 'ud only make it worse for you. Why, they'll be a town in here bigger'n all your tribe before two grass from now. It ain't no use, Drifting Cane; it's *got* to be. You an' I can't help n'r hinder it. I know just how you feel about it, but I tell yeh it ain't no use to fight."

Drifting Crane turned his head, and gazed out on the western sky still red with the light of the fallen sun. His face was rigid as bronze, but there was a dreaming, prophetic look in his eyes. A lump came into the settler's throat; for the first time in his life he got a glimpse of the infinite despair of the Indian. He forgot that Drifting Crane was the representative of a "vagabond race"; he saw in him, or rather *felt* in him, something almost magnetic. He was a *man*, and a man of sorrows. The settler's voice was husky when he spoke again, and his lips trembled.

"Chief, I'd go to-morrow if it 'ud do any good, but it won't—not a particle. You know that when you stop to think a minute. What good did it do to massa*cree* all them settlers at New Ulm? What good will it do to murder me and a hundred others? Not a bit. A thousand others would take our places. So I might just as well stay, and we might just as well keep good friends. Killin' is out o' fashion; don't do any good."

There was a twitching about the stern mouth of the Indian chief. He understood all too well the irresistible logic of the pioneer. He kept his martial attitude, but his broad chest heaved painfully, and his eyes grew dim. At last he said: "Good-by. Cattle-man right; Drifting Crane wrong. Shake hands. Good-by." He turned and strode away.

The rancher watched him till he mounted his pony picketed down by the river; watched him as, with drooping head and rein flung loose upon the neck of his horse, he rode away into the dusk, hungry, weary, and despairing, to face his problem alone. Again, for the thousandth time, the impotence of the Indian's arm and the hopelessness of his fate were shown as perfectly as if two armies had met and soaked the beautiful prairie sod with blood.

"This is all wrong," muttered the settler. "There's land enough for us all, or ought to be. I don't understand— Well, I'll leave it to Uncle Sam anyway." He ended with a sigh.

THE TRINITY CHURCH ESTATE.

Very few buildings less than a century old have provoked more moralizing and poetic comment than the great church that stands on Broadway facing Wall Street. In its day the handsomest church in America, it is still notable for its great architectural beauty, and standing as it does miles away from the residence portion of the city, it attracts attention as a seeming anomaly. The city has rolled up like a mighty sea, but old Trinity stands like an island of rock. Church and church-yard remain, almost the only reminders of the fact that former generations lived in the streets now wholly given up to commerce.

It is not, however, because of its incongruous surroundings that Trinity Church is famous. Its congregation, measured by the number of actual regular attendants upon the Sabbath services in the church, is very small; but until human nature shall have changed in extraordinary fashion there will be no danger of a discontinuance of those services, or of a disbanding of the congregation. For that congregation is the richest one in America. No one, excepting the trustees who administer upon the property, knows how rich it is, but it is certain that the estate is worth many millions of dollars.

Dr. Morgan Dix made the statement recently that the gross income from all the property held by the church was not over $550,000, and the natural inference would be that the estate was not of a greater value than some seven millions. The statement, however, may require supplementing, in view of the doubt whether the income stated included the taxes paid by tenants. There are, moreover, some millions in property which yields no income. It has been roughly estimated that the total holdings amount to $100,000,000; but the late General Dix, when he was comptroller of the board of trustees, declared that the amount was less than one-half of that. These two statements by father and son comprise all that has been made public on the subject of late years.

The property, whatever its value may be, has been held by the church for nearly two centuries. It was leased at first for an annual rental of sixty bushels of wheat, but in 1705 a patent was issued by Lord Cornbury, in the name of his royal cousin Queen Anne of England, passing to Trinity Church the title of a tract of land known as the Queen's Farm. The comparatively trivial value of this land at that day is indicated by the fact that in this patent no northern or southern boundaries of the farm were stated, and it was merely described as lying between Broadway and the Hudson River. This patent really constitutes the title under which the church holds to the present day, though by its terms a "quit-rent" of three shillings was required to be paid. In 1786, however, the church paid a gross sum to the government of the State of New York in full extinguishment of the "quit-rent," since which time the title has been held to be perfect.

It cannot be said, however, that the church has held quiet or undisturbed possession of the property, for it not only had to enter upon its domain by force, and drive out those in actual possession, but the numerous lawsuits alluded to have compelled the trustees to fight vigorously in the courts. The history of the various claims takes the reader back to the early days of the Dutch settlement in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The first individual ownership of any portion of the land of which there is any record was that of one Roeloff Jansen. He came from Maasland in 1630, with his wife, who, as Anneke or Annetje Jans, is so well known to the public to-day. They did not settle at once in Nieuw Amsterdam, as New York was then named, but Roeloff took the position of Superintendent under the Holland Company, which then held possession of the land, and he was stationed for half a dozen years at Rensslaerswyck on the Hudson River. Little is known of him; but it may be taken for granted that he was a person of importance, for when he removed to Nieuw Amsterdam in 1636 Director Van Twiller, who was then in authority, made him a grant of a "bouwerie," or farm, thirty-two morgens (sixty-two acres) in extent on the outskirts of the town.

This property, which is a portion of what was afterward given to Trinity, was bounded by lines quite different from present boundaries as formed by the streets of the city. It was rough, uncultivated land on the banks of the Hudson, which then ran about on the lines of Washington and Greenwich streets. It was in the shape of two irregular triangles, the lower or southern boundary being near Warren Street, and the upper or northeastern boundary being nearly identical with what is now Canal Street. To the south of it lay what afterward became the Duke's, King's, or Queen's Farm, a tract reaching from Fulton to Warren streets approximately, and from Broadway to the river-bank. To the northeast lay a smaller tract then known as "Old Jan's land." Concerning the history of this last tract little is known, but all three passed, as will presently be seen, into the possession of Trinity Church afterward.

Jansen did not live long to enjoy his bouwerie. He died in 1637, and his widow shortly after married Dominie Everardus Bogardus, concerning whom history has much to say. He appears to have been a rather quarrelsome, though a learned and eloquent man. He was a prominent factor in colonial matters, and was a party to numerous law suits, some personal and some public in character. In 1647 he was lost in a shipwreck on the coast of Wales while on his way toward Holland, whither he was going for a visit to his early home. Anneke Bogardus, left widow the second time, had numerous children, five of whom were Jansens, but it does not appear that she was left in necessitous circumstances. On the contrary, the bouwerie left by her first husband, though not yet highly cultivated, had appreciated in value so that it was a considerable piece of property, and the dominie had not left her without provision, so that she was comfortably well to do. In 1654 the original grant of the farm was confirmed by a patent from Director Stuyvesant, vesting the title in Anneke Bogardus, and it was afterward known as the Bogardus Farm. This confirmatory process was repeated in the year 1667 by Governor Nichols, the English having in the mean time gained possession of the city, and Anneke Bogardus having passed away from this world. Governor Nichols's patent declared the title to be vested in her heirs, who were already numerous, for the family, as the world has well learned since, is a remarkably prolific one, and there were representatives of the second generation already in the world. To this fact is due much of the litigation which has ensued, for Cornelis Bogardus, one of Anneke's children, was dead, and his children were living when his brothers and sisters joined in a sale of the farm to Colonel Francis Lovelace. In the deed by which the property was transferred to Colonel Lovelace, no mention was made of Cornelis or of his heirs, and thus the first alleged cloud on the title originated.

Colonel Lovelace, however, was not disturbed in his possession of the estate until the Dutch regained power in 1673, only to lose it again in 1674. In the latter year all his estates in New York were confiscated by Governor Andros, acting for the Duke of York, and so, indirectly, for the crown of England. This act of confiscation, regardless of the alleged imperfection in the title as it passed to Colonel Lovelace, has been upheld by the courts, and probably always will be, as a perfect transfer to the crown. With this transfer, the Bogardus Farm and "Old Jan's land," described above, seem to have been added to the tract to the south of them, and the entire three properties thereafter seem to have been known as the Duke's or King's Farm. This, however, is only a matter of inference, gathered from the fact that Trinity took possession of the whole when the Queen's Farm was conveyed to the church.

As was said, the church first took possession under a lease. This lease, which was for seven years, was executed in 1697 by Governor Fletcher, and his action was bitterly denounced as a piece of extravagance and a breach of the trust confided in him by the home government. From this it is natural to infer that the sixty bushels of wheat that were annually exacted was only a nominal rental, and that the appreciation of value was already considerable. At all events, the colonial Legislature vacated the lease two years later, and by the same act prohibited the Governor from leasing the King's Farm for a longer period than his own term of office. Still the question could not be considered as settled, for in 1702 the Legislature repealed its own act. Even that did not settle it, for Queen Anne afterward confirmed the act of 1699, and ignored the repealing act of three years later date.

In the mean time, however, Trinity Church seems to have been practically in possession, most of the time at least, of the property, for in 1700, or shortly after Governor Fletcher's lease had been repudiated, his successor, Lord Cornbury, leased the same farm to the same tenant for his term of office. Since that time, as has been already explained, the church has remained in possession legally, though there was some actual fighting done before the occupants were ousted. The church people employed a sort of posse of retainers to burn fences and oust the squatters who refused to vacate peaceably. A few actual fights occurred, in which women appear to have been the principal sufferers. One old woman was kicked in the eye, and another was, according to testimony given in court long afterward, dragged across the street and "indecently treated" by the church party after they had unsuccessfully attempted to soak her head in a "pail of grog." Undaunted by these precedents, another old woman was actually the very last of the contestants to dispute the physical occupancy of the ground. She was a Mistress Broad, who lived inside one of the stockades of the old fort at Reade Street, and who up to 1787 carried on a defensive warfare with the church. Repeated efforts were made to oust her, but she kept up a brisk fire on her hearth, and used boiling water as her weapon, and it was for a long time effective. At length, however, sappers and miners were employed; the stockade was actually undermined and dug away, and she was forced to capitulate. This she did, however, in an honorable fashion, and received a handsome sum of money from the church, by way of a compromise of her claims. This was long after the land had become a handsome property. The last heir before her to compromise was one Cornelis Bogardus, who is said to have received 700 pounds for his claim. Since that time the church has made no compromises. It has successfully defended its title to the ground in all the various lawsuits that have been brought, and few questions of law are regarded as so clearly settled as the ownership to this rich estate has been. Whatever the real boundaries of the property may be, it is reasonably certain that it will remain indefinitely in the possession of the congregation, and will be administered practically in the same manner as it is now.

It has been suggested, as much in earnest as in jest, that it would be a perfectly feasible scheme for a number of citizens of New York to combine and wrest the management of the property from the hands of its present holders. It is now held by trustees, who are chosen by the vestry of the church, and the vestrymen, in turn, are chosen by the members of the congregation. All that would be necessary to carry out such a scheme would be for a sufficient number of the persons forming the combination to establish themselves as members of the congregation, and then, by a preconcerted vote, elect certain of their own number to the vestry, and so change the entire personality of the board of trustees. An eminent lawyer who was recently asked whether such a thing could be done, answered that the only obstacle he saw in the way was the inability of the average man to keep a secret. If enough persons who could carry out a plan without betraying it could be enlisted, he considered it entirely practicable.

The main church edifice of Trinity does not stand on the ground which forms its great estate, but to the south of it, on the original plot purchased in 1696. It is comparatively a new structure, having been finished in 1846, after seven years had been spent in its construction, and consecrated on Ascension Day in that year. It is the third building to stand on the site. The first one was built in 1697, enlarged in 1737, and burned down in 1776. The second was built in 1788, and torn down in 1839. As to the administration of the estate, no figures can be given that will tell the whole story. Whether the entire half-million a year is consumed in expenses and donations or not, only the trustees can tell. It is certain, however, that a large ecclesiastical work is carried on. Out of the funds at their disposal the board maintains seven churches, seven schools, a hospital, and various missions, besides costing $40,000 or $50,000 a year to various outside churches, hospitals, and schools.

THE GARFIELD NATIONAL MEMORIAL.

Soon after the melancholy death of President Garfield, in September, 1881, a movement was begun in Cleveland to erect a monument to his memory, and Hon. J. H. Wade, Senator H. B. Payne, and Joseph Perkins, of Cleveland, were appointed a committee for that purpose. This committee issued an appeal to the nation for contributions to build the monument, which was promptly and generously responded to. The fund thus raised, with the accumulation of its interest, amounted to over $150,000, of which $75,000 was contributed by the citizens of Cleveland, and $14,000 more from Ohio outside of Cleveland. New York gave over $14,000; Illinois nearly $5500; Iowa nearly $3000; Wisconsin, $2000; Pennsylvania, $1800; Maine, $1600; Kansas, $1500; Missouri, $1500; Indiana, $1400; and Connecticut over $1000. Montana Territory gave over $1900. Sums ranging from $4 to over $900 were given by twenty-seven other States and nine Territories.

The work of obtaining contributions was prosecuted by the committee until June, 1882, when it was thought advisable to incorporate an association, under the laws of Ohio, under the name of The Garfield National Monument Association, which consisted of the following members: Governor George Charles Foster, ex-President R. B. Hayes, Hon. J. H. Wade, Senator H. B. Payne, Joseph Perkins, J. P. Handy, Daniel P. Fells, W. S. Streator, J. H. Devereaux, Selah Chamberlain, John D. Rockefeller, H. B. Perkins, Hon. John Hay, and J. H. Rhodes. A meeting of the incorporators was held July 6, 1882, at which an executive committee of five was appointed and J. H. Rhodes elected secretary. At the regular annual meeting held in June, 1883, a committee consisting of Joseph Perkins, John Hay, and H. B. Hurlburt was appointed to prepare and issue invitations to architects and artists to submit designs in competition for the monument. Three prizes were offered of $1000, $750, and $500 respectively, and this invitation was issued through the Associated Press and by private circulars sent throughout the United States, England, Germany, Italy, and France. About fifty different designs were submitted in answer to this invitation by artists of Europe and America, each accompanied by a sealed letter containing a mark or motto similar to one on the design, so as to identify the artist and his work after the examination of the designs and close of the competition. This was done that the decision might be reached without personal knowledge of the authors of the designs. The trustees of the association before adopting any design, and with a view to an impartial and right conclusion, called to their assistance two eminent competent and disinterested architects to aid them. Mr. Henry Van Brunt, of Boston, and Mr. Calvert Vaux, of New York city, were the experts chosen. These two came, singly and at separate times, to Cleveland, made a careful and independent examination, and reported their decision to the trustees, without any knowledge of the authors of the designs or of each other's conclusions. Both experts singled out the design of George Keller, of Hartford, Connecticut, for the first prize. On the 21st of July the design of Mr. Keller was accordingly adopted, and he was thereupon appointed architect of the memorial.

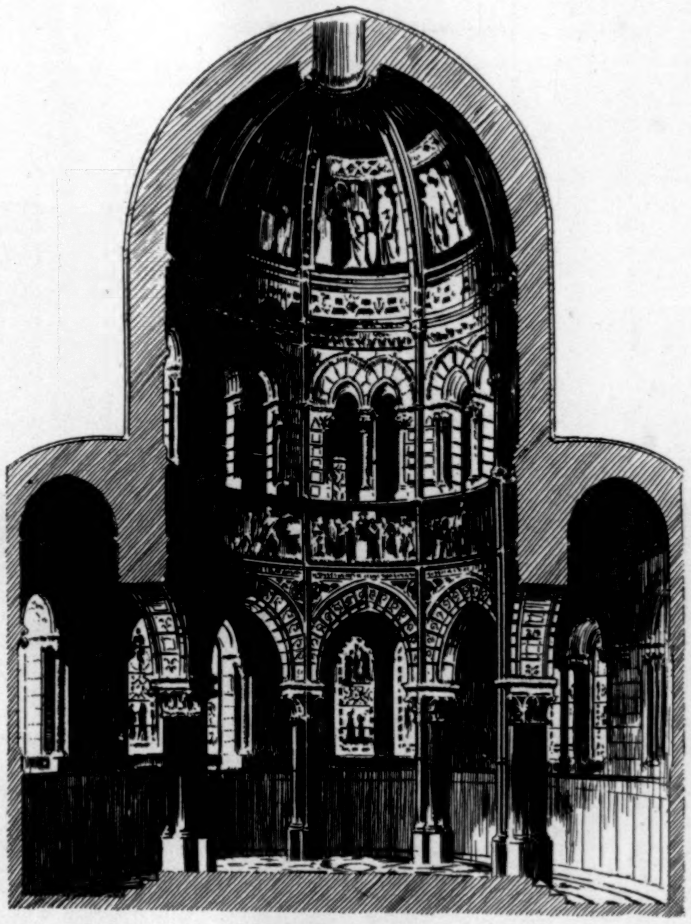
The design was but a slight sketch or study drawn to a very small scale, but sufficiently in detail to give a general idea of the proposed memorial, in the development of which Mr. Keller was allowed ample latitude. He felt that here was an opportunity given him not only to erect an imposing monument, but to do something for the advancement of art in America. To this end he visited in the fall of 1884 many of the famous monuments in Europe, of both ancient and modern times, and in studying them improved and perfected his design. In October, 1885, the contract for all of the cut stone and mason-work was awarded to Thomas Simmons, of Cleveland, and the work of excavation for the foundation begun. Before any of the foundation-stones were laid the trenches were inspected by several distinguished engineers, and approved by them. As the work progressed, criticisms on the foundations were made to the effect that they were not sufficiently secure, and rested on a perishable surface. These criticisms resulted in the appointment of a committee of three by the Civil Engineers' Club, of Cleveland, who, with the aid of Architect Keller, thoroughly investigated the subject, and on June 8, 1886, the committee made report that the weight of the structure was not nearly so great as had been represented, and that it was not at all likely to settle by reason of insecurity of the foundations. A special report was also made by General W. J. McAlpine, Engineer, of New York city, the highest authority in the country on foundations, in which he declared the foundations "to be entirely safe against unequal or objectionable settlement." At the annual meeting in 1886, after the above examinations and reports had been made, Mr. Keller submitted to the Board of Trustees a modified plan of the memorial, with a view to still further improving the design, so as to have less the appearance of a tower or observatory, and to give it a more tomb-like character, befitting its purpose. The proposed modification was fully considered and discussed, and was unanimously adopted by the board. The memorial as it now stands completed testifies to the wisdom of this decision, for there is nowhere in the country one approaching it in monumental effect.

The memorial is situated in Lake View Cemetery, in the suburbs of Cleveland, on a high ridge of ground overlooking a region of country closely associated with Garfield's memory. It is a striking feature in the landscape, a landmark visible from afar, and one that will always live in the memory. It is built of the native sandstone of Ohio, and its form is large and imposing—a circular tower 50 feet in diameter rising boldly in the air to its summit, 180 feet from the ground. It is elevated on a broad stone terrace, which is reached by a flight of wide-spreading steps that form a dignified approach to the memorial. At the base of the tower projects a square porch, decorated externally with a historical frieze, which is within easy view from the terrace and ground. This frieze is divided into panels containing life-size bass-reliefs that represent in a language understood by all the career of Garfield—as a Teacher, a Statesman, a Soldier, a President, and the last panel represents his body lying in state in the Rotunda at the Capitol.

The life of Garfield, not unlike that of many distinguished Americans, was full of variety, showing nearly all the characteristics of our national life, and those the sculptor, Mr. Caspar Buberl, has cleverly reproduced. The five panels contain over one hundred figures, all life size, and present an epitome of Garfield's life in a most graphic manner. The first panel shows him as a young man in the middle of a country school-room, teaching the boys of his neighborhood. On the wall hangs a map of the United States, and a portrait of George Washington. An outline of the Hartford Soldiers' Memorial Arch, drawn on a blackboard, is a reminder that Ohio was formerly a part of the western reserve of Connecticut. One boy recites his lessons, another is at the black-board, while the rest of the class is variously occupied at different tasks. The portrait of Garfield in this panel is an accurate copy of a photograph of him at that age loaned for the purpose by Mrs. Garfield. The second panel is a brave and brilliant episode in the life of the dead General, where he rode to General Thomas with a despatch, through a hail of death and against the protests of Rosecrans, to accomplish one of the most dramatic incidents of the civil war, at the battle of Chickamauga. Garfield as an orator the artist has effectively portrayed. He has chosen a peculiarly American custom for his subject, not representing him as addressing monotonous rows of Congressmen in the Representative Chamber, delivering a formal address on some state occasion, but he has chosen to represent him as speaking to the people at an out-door mass-meeting, stirring them by the power of his oratory. He stands in the centre of the composition on an impromptu platform, which is decorated with the American flag. Seated at his left hand are the chairman of the meeting and other prominent citizens, and on the right are the reporters busily noting the words of his speech. This forms the central group of the composition. On either side of the platform are crowded the listening multitude, representing all ranks of life, and in all stages of emotion, affected by the eloquence of the speaker. Some are thoughtful, as if impressed by a deep feeling of what they hear; some are enthusiastically cheering, and wave their hats, while others look intently on the orator, unwilling to lose a word of his speech. Banners and mottoes are borne aloft, and the whole scene is alive with excitement, while in the centre stands the manly form of Garfield, who seems to have just ended a stirring speech, and waits for the applause to subside. The fourth panel, which occupies the position to the extreme right of the façade, is the crowning triumph in the career of this successful American. In the centre are Chief Justice Waite and Garfield, one hand on the Bible, and the right lifted to heaven, as he takes the oath of office. Behind him sit ex-President Hayes, and Wheeler, and behind the Chief Justice, Arthur, soon to be elevated to the Presidency by the assassin's act. General Sherman, Blaine, Carl Schurz, Logan, Senator Sherman, Evarts, and other noted men are distinguished among the throng of people. The last panel represents the bier of the assassinated President, and is a composition that will touch the sensibilities of the coldest beholder. Death is the impressive incident. The grief of age, the tender sympathy of the child, the warmth of woman's sorrow, the sturdy pain of the old soldier, the tear of the young boy, the silent grief of the sentinel knight—all are graphically portrayed. On each side of the porch bearing this decorated frieze are staircase turrets that give access to a balcony which commands an extensive view of the surrounding country.

The tower itself is crowned with a conical-shaped stone roof, enriched with bands of sunken tile-pattern ornaments. An order of arcaded niches enriches the top of the tower under a boldly designed cornice. These niches contain twelve colossal allegorical statues representing the twelve signs of the zodiac which mark the sun's path, signifying that the memory of Garfield shall be as enduring as time. A band of shields bearing the arms of the States of the Union extends around the tower, just below the feet of these statues. The porch is entered through a wide and richly decorated recessed portal, and within is a vaulted vestibule, with a pavement in stone mosaic, leading to a mortuary chapel which occupies the entire space enclosed by the outer circular walls of the tower. Those who have seen the shrine of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey Thomas à Becket's at Canterbury, or Edward the Seventh's Chapel, can imagine how splendid they must have been in olden times. The chapel of the Medici in Florence is the richest interior in Italy, and the Albert Memorial at Windsor is splendid in stained glass, sculpture, and decoration. These are mentioned, because there is a popular idea that color and decoration are entirely out of place in a memorial, and nothing but cold white marble, black lines, and general gloom should pervade such an interior.

The chapel or the Garfield Memorial is glorious with stained glass, golden mosaic, and rich decorations in beautiful colored marbles. Here the architect has called to his assistance the artist, sculptor, mosaicist, and glass-worker, to carry out a complete scheme of polychromatic decoration, thus creating one of the richest interiors in the world. This chapel, or memorial hall, is circular in form, and is to contain a marble statue of Garfield, standing on a pedestal in the very centre of the chamber. Arranged in a semicircle around the statue is a row of massive deep red-colored polished granite columns, which support a dome that forms a noble canopy over the statue. A circular aisle extends around outside these columns, permitting the spectator to survey the statue from all points, and to study the story of a rich marble mosaic frieze, which forms a band of color just above the circle of columns, having for its subject the funeral procession of the dead President. This processional frieze is entirely executed in stone mosaic formed of different colored tesseræ, the name given to the small pieces of stone of which the mosaic is composed. The ancients rarely, if ever, used stone mosaic for wall decorations where pictures or figures were introduced in the design. It may be considered as a modern use of this beautiful material, and this frieze is the first work of the kind in this country on so large a scale. Indeed there are but few examples in Europe of such importance. The color of the ground of this frieze is a deep red, and the figures are of a cream or buff color in different shades, boldly outlined in black. Other colors are used sparingly for the hair, wreaths, and elsewhere, to give effect to the composition—all the natural colors of the stones used. Over 200,000 tesseræ were required to make this mosaic alone. The pavement surrounding the dais on which the statue stands is also executed in stone mosaic in beautiful patterns and color, and the dais is made of what is known as sectile mosaic, in which the elaborate design is made of rare and beautiful marbles shaped to the outline of the pattern and highly polished.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE MONUMENT.

The dome and the panels on the side wall, which correspond with the illuminated glass windows, are incrusted with glass or Venetian mosaic on a golden ground. This kind of mosaic admits of a much more brilliant coloring than stone mosaic, as the pieces which make up the mosaic are made of colored glass. The gold pieces are made by applying a thin sheet of gold-leaf over the glass, and then spreading a film of glass over the gold, so that the gold is imprisoned between the two layers of glass. This, broken into small cubes, forms the pieces of which the background is made. The luminous effect of this mosaic dome is beautiful as it gleams in different degrees of brightness, according to the curve of the surface or the changing position of the observer. The central panel of the frieze, opposite the entrance, represents Columbia and her daughter States in attitudes of grief, grouped round the bier of the dead President. Right and left is a procession, comprising all sorts and conditions of men, bringing their tributes of love and respect to lay them on the bier of General Garfield. To the spectator's right are Senators, Representatives, framers of the country's laws, preceded by an allegorical figure of "Law"; followed in the next panel by "Justice," preceding a group of members of the Supreme Court. Beyond comes a figure of "Concord," emblematic of the sympathy felt by all nations of the world at the untimely fate of the illustrious statesman, the nations being indicated by ambassadors from Europe, Orientals, Indians, and Pacific-Islanders in their distinctive costumes.

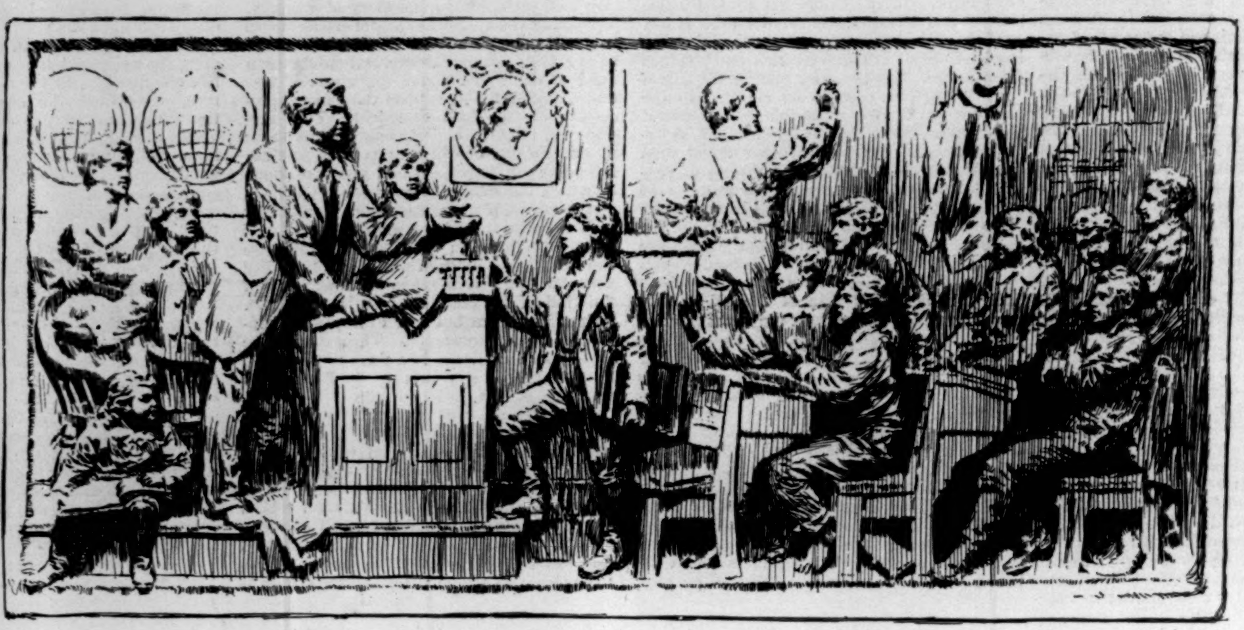
Starting from the centre again, to the spectator's left hand we see "War," followed by types of the military and naval services lowering the national banner at the feet of their lost commander; in the next panel "Literature," preceding the author, the lecturer, the teacher, and pupils of each sex. Next comes an allegorical figure of "Labor," bearing a spade and a steam-engine, indicative of hand and machine labor, and heading a group composed of artisan laborers, male and female, canal-boatman, etc. The panel furthest from the centre group symbolizes the distant parts of the Union, where a veteran of the war, and his aged wife, unable in person to join the throng that wends its way to the President's tomb, send a son as their delegate to deposit their offering of admiration and respect for the leader's memory.

The dome, which is also inlaid with Venetian mosaic, in its entirety is again significant of the sorrow of a whole people. In the alternative sections, at their proper cardinal points, are winged figures of North, South, East, and West; at the base is a band of wreaths conjoined, corresponding in number to the States and Territories of the Union, on a ground of red and white stripes of the American flag. These wreaths are alternately of laurel and immortelles, emblematic of earthly glory and heavenly immortality. The stars form a band in the upper portion of the dome. The ceiling of the circular aisle outside the row of columns is also vaulted and decorated in color, and a high wainscoting in polished Numidian marble runs around the chamber beneath the rich stained-glass windows which stream a flood of mellow light over the whole interior. Over the entrance door are seated figures, in glass mosaic, of "War," fully armed, and "Peace" holding forth the olive branch. Underneath "War" and "Peace" is the inscription: "Erected by a grateful Country in memory of James Abram Garfield, 20th President of the United States; Scholar, Soldier, Statesman, Patriot; Born 19th Nov. 1831; Died A.D. Sept. 19th 1881."

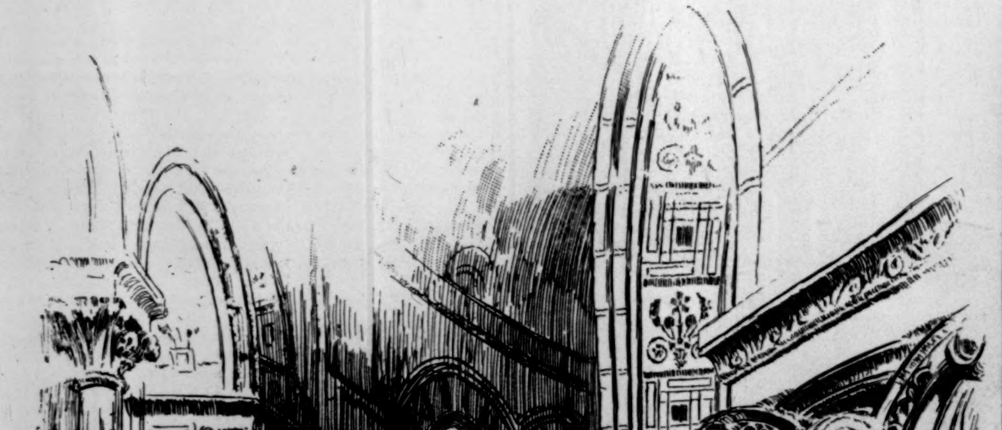
The four panels, two on either side of the door, together with the ten windows, contain standing female figures with distinctive emblems, representing fourteen States of the Union, *i. e.*, the thirteen original States, and Ohio, the native State of General Garfield, the arms of each State being blazoned on a shield below the figures. The series commences on the proper left hand of "Peace" with "Ohio," bearing a log cabin where Garfield first saw the light. The next window is dedicated to "New Hampshire," holding an axe; at her feet, timber and rolls of cloth, products of the State. Then "Massachusetts," the centre of literature, on her brow the poet's crown, and bearing a scroll; by her side, books and early printing-press. "Rhode Island," decked with jewelry, the product of her industry, and holding a jewel casket; cotton goods at her feet. "Connecticut," with the Charter Oak, globes and educational books, clocks, etc. "New York," in her left hand the Statue of Liberty, in her right an ocean steamer, at her feet scales and other emblems of her commercial pre-eminence. "New Jersey," displaying a piece of silk; beside her, specimens of pottery and glass. "Pennsylvania," carrying a lamp and supporting a cog-wheel, for her wealth in mineral oil and her iron industries. "Delaware" bears a basket laden with fruit. "Virginia," the tobacco plant and bales of manufactured leaf. "North Carolina" exhibits rice and sugar-cane and Southern fruits. "Georgia" is represented with a saw and a pine-tree, in allusion to her many saw-mills. "Maryland" bears a model of the White House at Washington, the residence of Garfield when he had risen from his humble origin to the First Citizen of the American Republic.

The plain surfaces of the walls are painted to harmonize with the other decorations, and the mouldings and carved-work are picked out with color and gold. The statue of Garfield is made the soul of the monument. The whole design leads up to and is concentrated in this central figure. The monument grows out of this kernel, as it were, which is enshrined in its heart, and the chapel surrounds and rises above it, and proclaims it to the world. In the crypt underneath the mortuary chapel is placed the body of Garfield, away from the public gaze, and safe from the invasion of that privacy which should always surround a place of sepulchre.

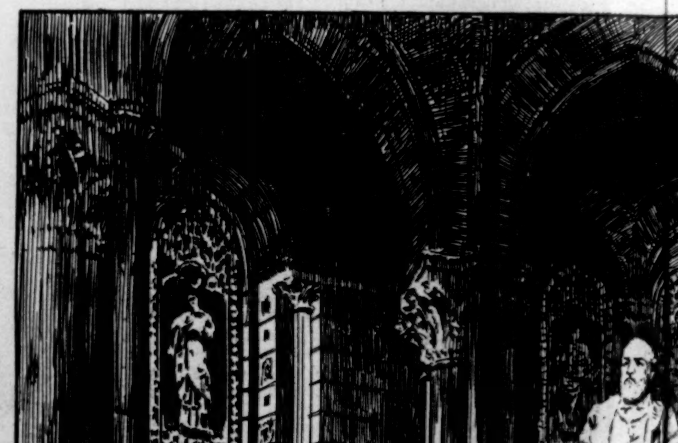
Mr. Keller was ably assisted in his work on the memorial by John S. Chapple, architect, of London, under whose supervision, during Mr. Keller's absence in this country, much of the mosaic-work and stained glass was executed. Mr. Casper Buberl, of New York, was the sculptor of the exterior historical panels which so tellingly illustrate the career of Garfield. The cartoons for all the mosaic-work and stained glass were made by H. Walter Lonsdale, an eminent artist living in London, but who was born in America. The mosaic-work was executed by Messrs. Burke & Co., of London, Paris, and New York, who keep employed a large force of Italian mosaicists. Messrs. Worrall & Co., of London, executed the stained glass. The chairman of the executive committee, Hon. J. H. Wade, has been from the beginning patient and untiring, and brought to the discharge of the arduous duties imposed on him good common-sense and sound judgment. To him is largely due the successful completion of the work.



GARFIELD AS A TEACHER.

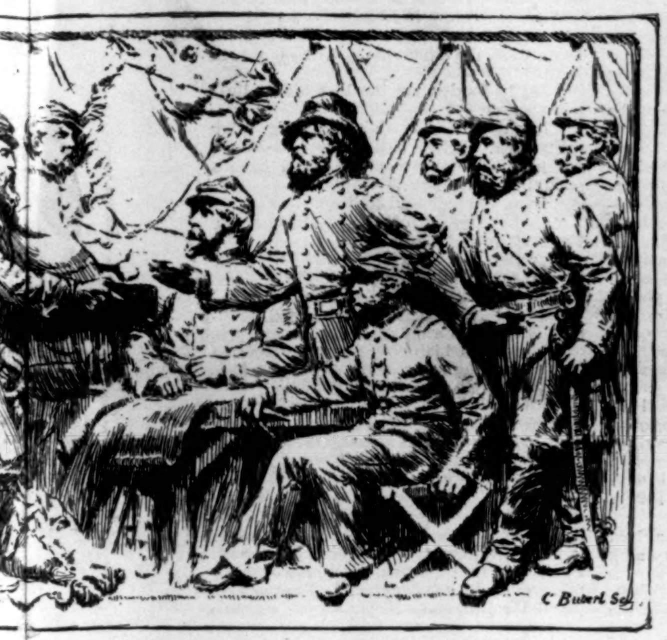


A BIT OF THE CORRIDOR.

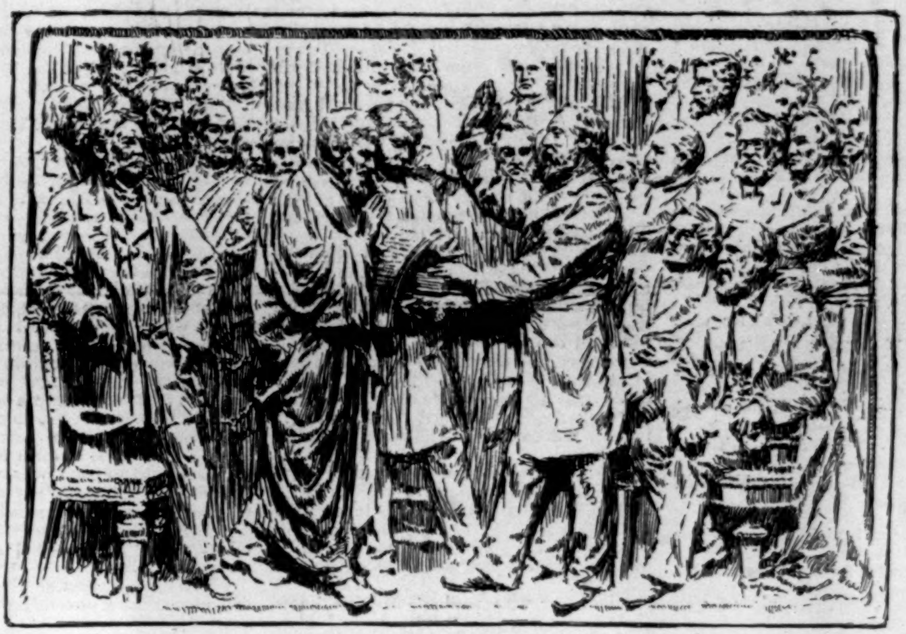


INTERIOR OF THE

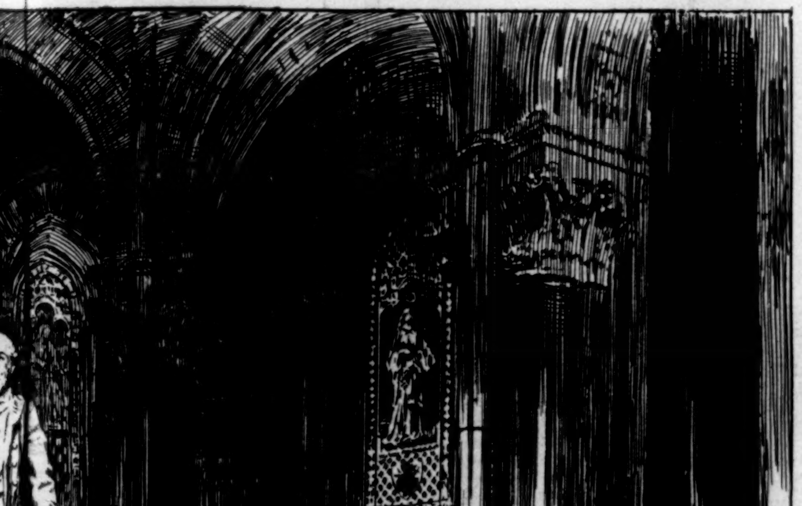
THE GARFIELD MONUMENT AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, DEDICATED M



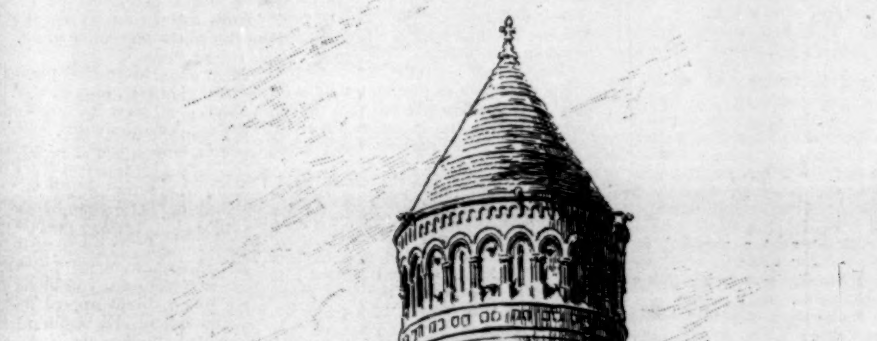
GARFIELD AS A SOLDIER.



GARFIELD AS PRESIDENT.



THE MONUMENT WITH STATUE.



EXTERIOR OF THE MONUMENT.

D MAY 30, 1890.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols after Photographs.—[See Page 422.]

TWO CAPTAINS.

A MARYLAND WAR STORY.

BY HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

Well, no, I wasn't no soldier, but somehow I always feel bound
To lend a hand decoratin' whenever the day comes around.
I didn't go out with no rifle, the same that my gran'father bore,
But I can't help havin' the feelin' that some way I fit in the war.

You see it were this way. When Lincoln come into the President's chair,
An' some States begun their secedin', an' rumors of war filled the air,
Our boys had just growed up to manhood, strong, patriotic, an' bright,
An' so they was ready for fightin' for what they believed to be right.

Now mother were kind of romantic, an' talked of the rights of the State,
But the nation my gran'father fit for seemed all right to me up to date;
An' so we was kind of divided on which were the way it should be,
An' Edward, he sided with mother, an' William, he sided with me.

An' after some time of hard fightin', an' neither seemed gainin' the day,
Why, William, he went for the Union, an' Edward, he put on the gray;
An' mother an' me kept on tendin' the farm as we'd done for long years,
Both wishin' the war it were over; it brought to us sadness an' tears.

An' when there were news of a battle, no matter which side it were won,
We knew that success of one side meant the certain defeat of one son.
I heerd them there guns at South Mountain a-boomin' as plain as could be,
An' I thought that the noise it were thunder, so I looked up at Parr's Ridge to see

If the storm it were comin' towards us, for the way it passed over would show
Whether we'd ketch the rain, or it, leastwise, would p'int out the way it would go.
So I looked at the sky, and then mother, she come to the door with a sigh,
An' she said, "I reckon they're fightin'." "They're fightin'; yes, mother," says I.

At last the long fight were nigh ended, the terrible struggle near done,
An' we hoped that the time were approachin' when we could once more have a son.
Well, man he makes plans for the future the way he would like things to be,
But God it is who disposes an' fixes the final decree.

At Petersburg Grant went a-poundin', determined on winnin' the day,
An' both of our captains was in it—one captain in blue, one in gray;
An' after the battle were over they lay in a tent side by side.
Our boys, they'd never come home, for they fit, an' they fell, an' they died.

One died for the Union he fit for, a victor who gained but a grave;
The other for States' rights fell bleedin', a martyr defeated yet brave.
Each gave up his life for his duty, as duty appeared in his sight;
Each fit an' each fell like a hero, an' God alone knows which were right.

An' so I come out every season, an' brings along laurel an' bay
To put on the graves of the heroes who fell on both sides of the fray;
An' though I wasn't no soldier, an' never no firelock bore,
I can't help but havin' the feelin' that some way I fit in the war.

A CONFERENCE OF THE POWERS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"Life liveth best in life, and doth not roam
To other realms if all be well at home.
'Solid as ocean foam,' quoth ocean foam."

The room was blue with the smoke of three pipes and a cigar. The leave season had opened in India, and the first-fruits on this side of the water were "Tick" Boileau, of the Forty-fifth Bengal Cavalry, who called on me after three years' absence to discuss old things which had happened. Fate, who always does her work handsomely, sent up the same staircase within the same hour the Infant, fresh from Upper Burma, and he and Boileau, looking out of my window, saw walking in the street one Nevin, late in a Gurkha regiment and the Black Mountain expedition. They yelled to him to come up, and the whole street was aware that they desired him to come up; and he came up, and there followed pandemonium, because we had forgathered from the ends of the earth, and three of us were on a holiday, and none of us were twenty-five, and all the delights of all London lay waiting our pleasure.

Boileau took the only other chair; and the Infant, by right of his bulk, the sofa; and Nevin, being a little man, sat cross-legged on the top of the revolving bookcase; and we all said, "Who'd ha' thought it?" and "What are *you* doing here?" till speculation was exhausted, and the talk went over to inevitable "shop." Boileau was full of a great scheme for securing military attacheship at St. Petersburg; Nevin had hopes of the Staff College; and the Infant had been moving heaven and earth and the Horse-guards for a commission in the Egyptian army.

"What's the use o' that?" said Nevin, twirling round on the bookcase.

"Oh, heaps! Course if you get stuck with a Fellaheen regiment you're sold, but if you are appointed to a Soudanese lot, you're in clover. They are first-class fighting men, and just think of the eligible central position of Egypt in the next row!"

This was putting the match to a magazine. We all began to explain the Central-Asian question off-hand, flinging army corps from the Helmund to Cashmir with more than Russian recklessness. Each of the boys made for himself a war to his own liking, and when we had settled all the details of Armageddon, killed all our senior officers, handled a division apiece, and nearly torn the atlas in two in attempts to explain our theories, Boileau needs must lift up his voice above the clamor and cry, "Anyhow it'll be the —— of a row!" in tones that carried conviction far down the staircase.

Entered unperceived in the smoke William the Silent. "Gen'elman to see you, sir," said he, and disappeared, leaving in his stead none other than Mr. Eustace Cleever. William would have introduced the dragon of Wantley with equal disregard of present company.

"I—I beg your pardon! I didn't know that there was anybody—with you. I—"

But it was not seemly to allow Mr. Cleever to depart, for he was a great man. The boys remained where they were, for any movement would choke up the little room. Only when they saw his gray hairs they stood up on their feet, and when the Infant caught the name, he said, "Are you—did you write that book called *As it was in the Beginning?*"

Mr. Cleever admitted that he had written the book.

"Then—then I don't know how to thank you, sir," said the Infant, flushing pink. "I was brought up in the county you wrote about. All my people live there, and I read the book in camp on the Hlinedatalone, and I knew every stick and stone, and the dialect too; and, by Jove! it was just like being at home and hearing the country people talk. Nevin, you know *As it was in the Beginning?* So does Ti—Boileau."

Mr. Cleever has tasted as much praise public and private as one man may safely swallow, but it seemed to me that the outspoken admiration in the Infant's eyes and the little stir in the little company came home to him very nearly indeed.

"Won't you take the sofa?" said the Infant. "I'll sit on Boileau's chair, and—" Here he looked at me to spur me to my duties as a host, but I was watching the novelist's face. Cleever had not the least intention of going away, but settled himself on the sofa. Following the first great law of the army, which says, "All property is common except money, and you've only got to ask the next man for that," the Infant offered tobacco and drink. It was the least he could do, but not four columns of the finest review in the world held half as much appreciation and reverence as the Infant's simple, "Say when, sir," above the long glass.

Cleever said "when," and more thereto, for he was a golden talker, and he sat in the midst of hero-worship devoid of all taint of self-interest. The boys asked him of the birth of his book, and whether it was hard to write, and how his notions came to him, and he answered with the same absolute simplicity as he was questioned. His big eyes twinkled, he dug his long thin hands into his gray beard, and tugged it as he grew animated and dropped little by little from the peculiar pinching of the broader vowels—the indefinable "euh," that runs through the speech of the pundit caste—and the elaborate choice of words to freely mouthed ows and ois, and for him, at least, unfettered colloquialisms. He could not altogether understand the boys who hung upon his words so reverently. The line of the chin-strap that still showed white and untanned on cheek-bone and jaw, the steadfast young eyes puckered at the corners of the lids with much staring through red-hot sunshine, the deep untroubled breathing, and the curious crisp, curt speech seemed to puzzle him equally. He could create men and women, and send them to the uttermost ends of the earth to help, delight, and comfort; he knew every mood of the fields, and could interpret them to the cities; and he knew the hearts of many in the city and country; but he had hardly in forty years come into contact with the thing which is called a subaltern of the line. He told the boys this.

"Well, how should you?" said the Infant. "You—you're quite different, y' see, sir."

The Infant expressed his ideas in his tone rather than his words, and Cleever understood the compliments.

"We're only subs," said Nevin, "and we aren't exactly the sort of men you'd meet much in your life, I s'pose."

"That's true," said Cleever. "I live chiefly among those who write and paint and sculp and so forth. We have our own talk and our own interests, and the outer world doesn't trouble us much."

"That must be awf'ly jolly," said Boileau, at a venture. "We have our own shop too, but 'tisn't half as interesting as yours, of course. You know all the men who've ever done anything, and we only knock about from place to place, and we do nothing."

"The army's a very lazy profession if you choose to make it so," said Nevin. "When there's nothing going on, there *is* nothing going on, and you lie up."

"Or try to get a billet somewhere to be ready for the next show," said the Infant, with a chuckle.

"To me," said Cleever, softly, "the whole idea of warfare seems so foreign and unnatural—so essentially vulgar, if I may say so—that I can hardly appreciate your sensations. Of course, though, any change from idling in garrison towns must be a godsend to you."

Like not a few home-staying Englishmen, Cleever believed that the newspaper phrase he quoted covered the whole duty of the army, whose toil enabled him to enjoy his many-sided life in peace. The remark was a happy one, for Boileau had just come off the frontier, the Infant had been on the war-path for nearly eighteen months, and the little red man, Nevin, two months before had been sleeping under the stars at the peril of his life. But none of them tried to explain till I ventured to point out that they had all seen service, and were not used to idling. Cleever took in the idea slowly.

"Seen service?" said he. Then, as a child might ask, "Tell me—tell me everything about everything."

"How do you mean, sir?" said the Infant, delighted at being directly appealed to by the great man.

"Good heavens! how am I to make you understand if you can't see? In the first place, what is your age?"

"Twenty-three next July," said the Infant, promptly.

Cleever questioned the others with his eyes.

"I'm twenty-four," said Nevin.

"I'm twenty-two," said Boileau.

"And you've all seen service?"

"We've all knocked about a little bit, sir, but the Infant's the war-worn veteran. He's had two years' work in Upper Burma," said Nevin.

"When you say work, what do you mean, you extraordinary creatures?"

"Explain it, Infant," said Nevin.

"Oh, keeping things in order generally, and running about after little *dakus*—that's Dacoits—and so on. There's nothing to explain."

"Make that young leviathan speak," said Cleever, impatiently.

"How can he speak?" said I. "He's done the work. The two don't go together. But, Infant, you are requested to *bukh*."

"What about? I'll try."

"*Bukh* about a *daur*. You've been on heaps of 'em," said Nevin.

"What in the world does that mean? Has the army a language of its own?"

The Infant turned very red. He was afraid he was being laughed at, and he detested talking before outsiders; but it was the author of *As it was in the Beginning* who waited.

"It's all so new to me," pleaded Cleever. "And—and you said you liked my book."

This was a direct appeal that the Infant could understand. He began rather flurriedly with, "Pull me up, sir, if I say anything you don't follow. 'Bout six months before I took my leave out of Burma I was on the Hlinedatalone up near the Shan states with sixty Tommies—private soldiers, that is—and another subaltern, a year senior to me. The Burmese business was a subaltern's war, and our forces were split up into little detachments, all running about the country, and trying to keep the Dacoits quiet. The Dacoits were having a first-class time, y' know—filling women up with kerosene and setting 'em alight, and burning villages, and crucifying people."

The wonder in Eustace Cleever's eyes deepened. He disbelieved wholly in a book which describes crucifixion at length, and he could not quite realize that the custom still existed.

"Have you ever seen a crucifixion?" said he.

"Of course not. Shouldn't have allowed it if I had. But I've seen the corpses. The Dacoits had a nice trick of sending a crucified corpse down the river on a raft, just to show they were keeping their tail up and enjoying themselves. Well, that was the kind of people I had to deal with."

"Alone?" said Cleever. Solitude of the soul he knew—none better; but he had never been ten miles away from his fellow-men in his life.

"I had my men, but the rest of it was pretty much alone. The nearest military post that could give me orders was fifteen miles away, and we used to heliograph to them, and they used to give us orders same way. Too many orders."

"Who was your C. O.?" said Boileau.

"Bounderby. Major. *Pukka* Bounderby. More Bounder than *pukka*. He went on up Bhamo way. Shot or cut down the neck last year," said the Infant.

"What mean these interludes in a strange tongue?" said Cleever to me.

"Professional information, like the Mississippi pilots' talk. He did not approve of his major, who has since died a violent death," said I. "Go on, Infant."

"Far too many orders. You couldn't take the Tommies out for a two-days' *daur*—that means expedition, sir—without being blown up for not asking leave. And the whole country was humming with Dacoits I used to send out spies, and act on their information. As soon as a man came in and told me of a gang in hiding, I'd take thirty men with some grub, and go out and look for them, while the other subaltern lay doggo in camp."

"Lay? Pardon me, but how did he lie?" said Cleever.

"Lay doggo. Lay quiet with the other thirty men. When I came back, he'd take out his half of the command and have a good time of his own."

"Who was he?" said Boileau.

"Carter-Deecey, of the Aurungabadis. Good chap, but too *zubberdusty*, and went *bokhar* four days out of seven. He's gone out too. Don't interrupt a man."

Cleever looked helplessly at me.

"The other subaltern," I translated, swiftly, "came from a native regiment, and was overbearing in his demeanor. He suffered much from the fever of the country, and is now dead. Go on, Infant."

"After a bit we got into trouble for using the men on frivolous occasions, and so I used to put my signaller under arrest to prevent him reading the helio orders. Then I'd go out, and leave a message to be sent an hour after I got clear of the camp; something like this: 'Received important information; start in an hour unless countermanded.' If I was ordered back it didn't much matter. I swore the C.O.'s watch was wrong or something when I came back. The Tommies enjoyed the fun, and—oh yes—there was one Tommy who was the bard of the detachment. He used to make up verses on everything that happened."

"What sort of verses?" said Cleever.

"Lovely verses; and the Tommies used to sing 'em. There was one song with a chorus, and it said something like this." The Infant dropped into the barrack-room twang.

"'Theebau, the Burma king, did a very foolish thing
When 'e mustered 'ostile forces in ar-rai.
'E littul thought that *we*, from far across the sea,
Would send our armies up to Mandalai!'"

"Oh, gorgeous!" said Cleever. "And how magnificently direct! The notion of a regimental bard is new to me. It's epic."

"He was awf'ly popular with the men," said the Infant. "He had them all down in rhyme as soon as ever they had done anything. He was a great bard. He was always on time with a eulogy when we picked up a Boh—that's a leader of Dacoits."

"How did you pick him up?" said Cleever.

"Oh, shot him if he wouldn't surrender."

"You! Have you shot a man?"

There was a subdued chuckle from all three, and it dawned on the questioner that one experience in life which was denied to himself—and he weighed the souls of men in a balance—had been shared by three very young gentlemen of engaging appearance. He turned round on Nevin, who had climbed to the top of the bookcase and was sitting cross-legged as before.

"And have *you* too?"

"Think so," said Nevin, sweetly. "In the Black Mountain, sir. He was rolling cliffs on to my half company and spoiling our formation. I took a rifle from a man and brought him down at the second shot."

"Good heavens! And how did you feel afterward?"

"Thirsty. I wanted a smoke too."

Cleever looked at Boileau, the youngest. Surely his hands were guiltless of blood. Boileau shook his head and laughed. "Go on, Infant," said he.

"And you too?" said Cleever.

"Fancy so. It was a case of cut—cut or be cut—with me, so I cut at one. I couldn't do any more, sir."

Cleever looked as though he would like to ask many questions, but the Infant swept on in the full tide of his tale.

"Well, we were called insubordinate young whelps at last, and strictly forbidden to take the Tommies out any more without orders. I wasn't sorry, because Tommy is such an exacting sort of creature, though he works beautifully. He wants to live as though he were in barracks all the time. I was grubbing on fowls and boiled corn, but the Tommies wanted their pound of fresh meat, and their half-ounce of this, and their two ounces of t'other thing, and they used to come to me and badger me for plug-tobacco when we were four days in jungle! I said, 'I can get you Burma tobacco, but I don't keep a canteen up my sleeve.' They couldn't see it. They wanted all the luxuries of the season, confound 'em!"

"You were alone when you were dealing with these men?" said Cleever, watching the Infant's face under the palm of his hand. He was receiving new ideas, and they seemed to trouble him.

"Of course. Unless you count the mosquitoes. They were nearly as big as the men. After I had to lie doggo, I began to look for something to do, and I was great pals with a man called Hicksey in the Burma police. The best man that ever stepped on earth; a first-class man."

Cleever nodded applause. He knew something of enthusiasm.

"Hicksey and I were as thick as thieves. He had some Burma mounted police—necessary little chaps, armed with sword and Snider carbine. They rode punchy Burma ponies, with string stirrups, red cloth saddles, and red bell-rope headstalls. Hicksey used to lend me six or eight of them when I asked him—nippy little devils, keen as mustard. But they told their wives too much, and all my plans got known, till I learned to give false marching orders overnight, and take the men to quite a different village in the morning. Then we used to catch the simple *daku* before breakfast, and make him very sick. It's a ghastly country on the Hlinedatalone; all bamboo jungle, with paths about four feet wide winding through it. The *daku* knew all the paths, and used to pot at us as we came round a corner; but the mounted police knew the paths as well as the *daku*, and we used to go stalking 'em in and out among the paths. Once we flushed 'em—the men on the ponies had the pull of the man on foot. We held all the country absolutely quiet for ten miles round in about a month. Then we took Boh No-ghee—Hicksey and I and the civil officer. That was a lark!"

"I think I am beginning to understand a little," said Cleever. "It was a pleasure to you to administer and fight, and so on."

"Rather. There's nothing nicer than a satisfactory little expedition, when you find all your plans fit together and your conformations *teek*—correct, you know—and the whole *sub-chiz*. I mean when everything works out like formulæ on a black-board. Hicksey had all the information about the Boh. He had been burning villages and murdering people right and left, and cutting up government convoys, and all that. He was lying doggo in a village about fifteen miles off, waiting to get a fresh gang together. So we arranged to take thirty mounted police and turn him out before he could plunder into the newly settled villages. At the last minute the civil officer in our part of the world thought he'd assist at the performance."

"Who was he?" said Nevin.

"His name was Dennis," said the Infant, slowly; "and we'll let it stay so. He's a better man now than he was then."

"But how old was the civil power?" said Cleever. "The situation is developing itself." Then, in his beard, "Who are you to judge men?"

"He was about six-and-twenty," said the Infant; "and he was awf'ly clever. He knew a lot of literary things, but I don't think he was quite steady enough for Dacoit hunting. We started overnight for Boh No-ghee's village, and we got there just before the morning, without raising an alarm. Dennis had turned out armed to the teeth—two revolvers, a carbine, and all sorts of things. I was talking to Hicksey about posting our men, and Dennis edged his pony in between us and said: 'What shall I do? What shall I do? Tell me what to do, you fellows.' We didn't take much notice, but his pony tried to bite me in the leg, and I said, 'Pull out a bit, old man, till we've settled the attack.' He kept edging in, and fiddling with his reins and the revolvers, and saying: 'Dear me! dear me! Oh, dear me! What do you think I'd better do?' The man was in a blue funk, and his teeth were chattering."

"I sympathize with the civil power," said Cleever. "Continue, young Clive."

"The fun of it was that he was supposed to be our superior officer. Hicksey took a good look at him, and told him to attach himself to my party. Beastly mean of Hicksey, that. The chap kept on edging in and bothering instead of asking for some men and taking up his own position, till I got angry. The carbines began popping on the other side of the village. Then I said, 'For God's sake, be quiet, and sit down where you are! If you see anybody come out of the village, shoot at him.' I knew he couldn't hit a hayrick at a yard. Then I took my men over the garden wall—over the palisades, y' know—somehow or other, and the fun began. Hicksey had found the Boh in bed under a mosquito curtain, and he had taken a flying jump on to him."

"A flying jump!" said Cleever. "Is that also war?"

"Yes," said the Infant, now thoroughly warmed. "Don't you know how you take a flying jump on to a fellow's head at school when he snores in the dormitory? The Boh was sleeping in a regular bedful of swords and pistols, and Hicksey came down *à la* Zazel through the netting, and the net got mixed up with the pistols and the Boh and Hicksey, and they all rolled on the floor together. I laughed till I couldn't stand, and Hicksey was cursing me for not helping him, so I left him to fight it out and went into the village. Our men were slashing about and firing, and so were the Dacoits, and in the thick of the mess some ass set fire to a house, and we all had to clear out. I froze on to the nearest *daku*, and ran to the palisade shoving him in front of me. He wriggled clear and bounded over to the other side. I came after him, but when I had one leg one side and one leg the other of the palisade I saw that my friend had fallen flat on Dennis's head. That man had never moved from where I left him. The two rolled on the ground together, and Dennis's carbine went off and nearly shot me. The *daku* picked himself up and ran, and Dennis buzzed his carbine after him, and it caught him on the back of his head and knocked him silly. You never saw anything so funny in your life. I doubled up on the top of the palisade and hung there yelling with laughter. But Dennis began to weep like anything. 'Oh, I've killed a man!' he said—'I've killed a man, and I shall never know another peaceful hour in my life! Is he dead? Oh, *is* he dead? Good God! I've killed a man!' I came down and said, 'Don't be a fool!' But he kept on shouting 'Is he dead?' till I could have kicked him. The *daku* was only knocked out of time with the carbine. He came to after a bit, and I said, 'Are you hurt much?' He grinned and said no. His chest was all cut with scrambling over the palisade. 'The white man's gun didn't do that,' he said. 'I did that myself, and I knocked the white man over.' Just like a Barman, wasn't it? Dennis wouldn't be happy at any price. He said, 'Tie up his wounds. He'll bleed to death. Oh, my God, he'll bleed to death!' 'Tie 'em up yourself,' I said, 'if you're so anxious.' 'I can't touch him,' said Dennis, 'but here's my shirt.' He took off his shirt, and he fixed his braces again over his bare shoulders. I ripped the shirt up and bandaged the Dacoit quite professionally. He was grinning at Dennis all the time; and Dennis's haversack was lying on the ground, bursting full of sandwiches. Greedy hog! I took some and offered some to Dennis. 'How can I eat?' he said. 'How can you ask me to eat? His very blood is on your hands, oh God! and you're eating *my* sandwiches!' 'All right,' I said. 'I'll give 'em to the *daku*.' So I did, and the little chap was quite pleased, and wolfed 'em down like one o'clock."

Cleever brought his hand down on the table-cloth a thump that made the empty glasses dance. "That's art," he said. "Flat, flagrant mechanism. Don't tell me that happened on the spot!"

The pupils of the Infant's eyes contracted to two points. "I beg your pardon," he said, slowly, and a little stiffly, "but I am taking this thing as it happened."

Cleever looked at him for a moment. "My fault entirely," said he. "I should have known. Please go on."

"Oh, then Hicksey came out of what was left of the village with his prisoners and captives all neatly tied up. Boh No-ghee was first, and one of the villagers, as soon as he saw the old ruffian helpless, began kicking him quietly. The Boh stood it as long as he could, and then groaned, and we saw what was going on. Hicksey tied the villager up and gave him half a dozen good to remind him to leave a prisoner alone. You should have seen the old Boh grin. Oh, but Hicksey was in a furious rage with everybody. He'd got a wipe over the elbow that had tickled up his funny-bone, and he was simply rabid with me for not having helped him with the Boh and the mosquito net. I had to explain that I couldn't do anything. If you'd seen 'em both tangled up together on the floor, like a blaspheming cocoon, you'd have laughed for a week. Hicksey swore that the only decent man of his acquaintance was the Boh, and all the way back to camp Hicksey was talking to him, and the Boh was grumbling about the soreness of his bones. When we got home, and had had a bath, the Boh wanted to know when he was going to be hanged. Hicksey said he couldn't oblige him on the spot, but had to send him to Rangoon. The Boh went down on his knees and reeled off a catalogue of his crimes—he ought to have been hanged seventeen times over by his own confession—and implored Hicksey to settle the business out of hand. 'If I'm sent to Rangoon,' said he, 'they'll keep me in jail all my life, and that is a death every time the sun gets up or the wind blows.' But we had to send him to Rangoon; and of course he was let off down there, and given penal servitude for life. When I came to Rangoon I went over the jail—I had helped to fill it, y' know—and the old Boh was there, and recognized me at once. He begged for some opium first, and I tried to get him some; but that was against the rules. Then he asked me to have his sentence changed to death, because he was afraid of being sent to the Andamans. I couldn't do that either; but I tried to cheer him, and told him how the row was going up country. And the last thing he said was: 'Give my compliments to the fat white man who jumped on me. If I'd been awake I'd have killed him.' I wrote that to Hicksey next mail, and—and that's all. I'm 'fraid I've been gassing awf'ly, sir."

Cleever said nothing for a long time. The Infant looked uncomfortable. He feared that, misled by enthusiasm, he had filled up the novelist's time with unprofitable recital of trivial anecdotes.

Then said Cleever: "I can't understand it. Why should *you* have seen and done all these things before you have cut your wisdom teeth?"

"Don't know," said the Infant, apologetically. "I haven't seen much, only Burmese jungle."

"And dead men and war and power and responsibility," said Cleever, under his breath. "You won't have any sensations left at thirty if you go on as you have done. But I want to hear more tales—more tales." He seemed to forget that even subalterns might have engagements of their own.

"We're thinking of dining out somewhere, the lot of us, and going on to the Empire afterward," said Nevin, with hesitation. He did not like to ask Cleever to come too. The invitation might be regarded as "cheek." And Cleever, anxious not to wag a graybeard unbidden among boys at large, said nothing on his side.

Boileau solved the little difficulty by blurting out, "Won't you come too, sir?"

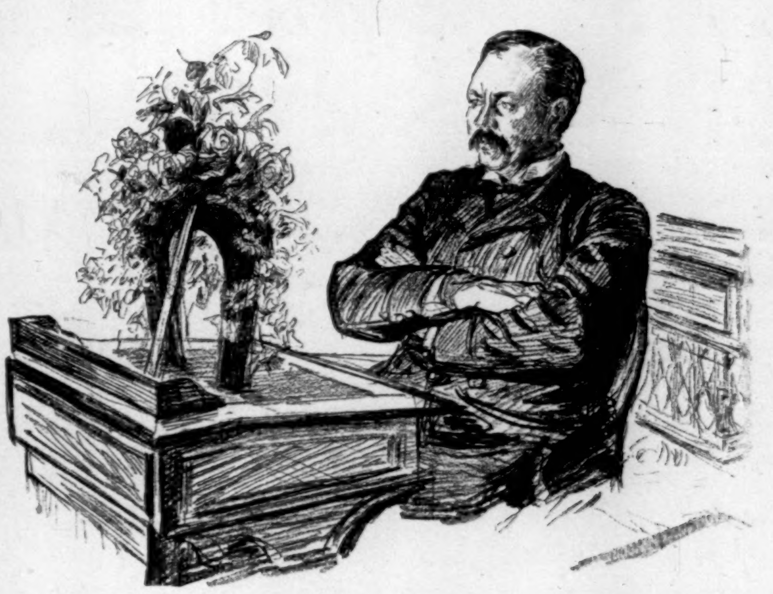
Cleever almost shouted "Yes," and while he was being helped into his coat, continued to murmur "Good heavens!" at intervals, in a manner that the boys could not understand.

"I don't think I've been to the Empire in my life," said he. "But, good heavens! what *is* my life, after all? Let us go back."

So they went out with Eustace Cleever, and I sulked at home, because the boys had come to see me, but had gone over to the better man, which was humiliating. They packed him into a cab with utmost reverence, for was he not the author of *As it was in the Beginning*, and a person in whose company it was an honor to go abroad? From all I gathered later, he had taken less interest in the performance before him than in the boys' conversation, and they protested with emphasis that he was "as good a man as they make, knew what a man was driving at almost before he said it, and yet he's so dashed simple about things any man knows." That was one of many comments made afterward.

At midnight they returned, announcing that they were highly respectable gondoliers, and that oysters and stout were what they chiefly needed. The eminent novelist was still with them, and I think he was calling them by their shorter names. I am certain that he said he had been moving in worlds not realized, and that they had shown him the Empire in a new light. Still sore at recent neglect, I answered, shortly, "Thank Heaven, we have within the land ten thousand as good as they!" And when Cleever departed, asked him what he thought of things generally.

He replied with another quotation, to the effect that though singing was a remarkably fine performance, I was to be quite sure that few lips would be moved to song if they found a sufficiency of kissing. Whereat I understood that Eustace Cleever, decorator and color man in words, was blaspheming his own art, and that he would be sorry for this in the morning.



WILLIAM D. BYNUM.

The present session of the House of Representatives has been marked by many manifestations of bitter feeling. Such manifestations are not unprecedented in parliamentary bodies, but they are not common. If it were possible to lay down a general rule that would invariably explain these outbursts of human passion, it would be that they occur when the minority believes that it is oppressed by a tyrannical majority. Then there flashes out that wild rage which comes from the realization of injury and wrong and of utter powerlessness.

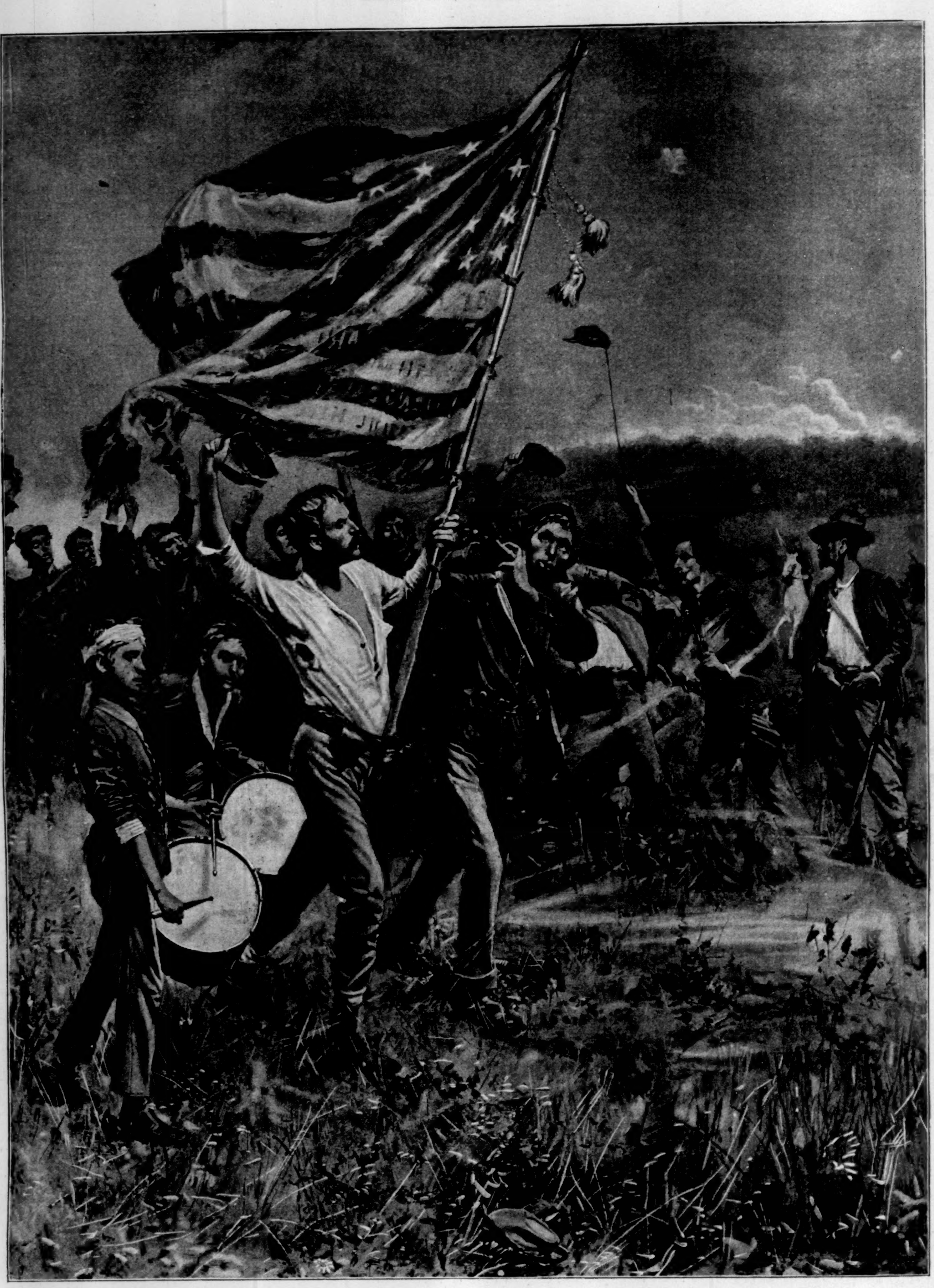
The House of Commons has been torn with wild disorder many times in the course of its long and eventful history—when the Stuarts, in their assertions of prerogative, threatened invasions of the rights of the people; when the king attempted to arrest the protesting members; and, later, when the Conservatives adopted closure for the purpose of taking away the ancient right of unlimited debate.

In recent years in our own House of Representatives there has been intense excitement on several well-remembered occasions—when the small band of Democrats of those days were resisting reconstruction legislation, when the Electoral Commission bill was pending in 1877, and oftener during the present session than at any other time except immediately after the war.

The cause of all the excitement and disorder that has obtained in the present Congress is perfectly well understood. The Democrats insist that the Republican Speaker has despotically assumed unconstitutional powers, that he has so restrained the minority as to deprive it of all part in the work of legislation, that he persistently ignores Democrats who are trying to secure recognition, that he passes bills by his own volition, and that he subverts all laws under which in representative governments the minority of a deliberative body enjoys important rights. The answer to this is, of course, that Mr. Reed is doing only what the Constitution gives him the right to do, and that his motive is praiseworthy, because he is simply endeavoring to facilitate business. This is the issue; but it cannot be discussed in the House, because Mr. Reed carries out his purpose without regard to the angry protests of the minority, and because he exercises the almost arbitrary powers of the Speaker, being sustained in his position by a thoroughly well disciplined majority.

The men who have been most conspicuous in a noisy opposition to the Speaker are Mr. Bynum (whose portrait is given), Mr. Springer, and Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. All these gentlemen have openly defied and resisted Mr. Reed's authority, and have denounced him as a despot, and even as corrupt. Mr. Reed himself has preserved a dignified exterior during the trying ordeal, but inwardly he has raged against the restraints of his office which have compelled him to quietly submit to reiterated insults. It is known that he has even contemplated asking the Republican leaders to move the expulsion of some of the more outspoken of the Democrats. Such a motion could not have succeeded, for a member cannot be expelled except by a two-thirds vote; but if it were made, it could not fail to include Mr. Bynum, who during the debate on the rules, in the early part of January, insisted on shouting his disapproval of the Speaker and the majority, and, with the possible exception of Mr. Springer, was the most conspicuous figure among the disorderly Democrats. His most recent appearance was before the bar of the House to be censured by the Speaker for words spoken in debate which were insulting to Mr. Bayne, of Pennsylvania. On this occasion the House witnessed a singular scene, Mr. Bynum being accompanied to his punishment by as many of his Democratic fellow-members as could crowd into the semicircular space in front of the Speaker's desk. Mr. Reed himself seemed to be overcome by the extraordinary demonstration; for when he had ordered the Democrats to take their seats, and Mr. Springer had shouted, "We won't," he failed to do what any of his predecessors would have done at once—order the Sergeant-at-arms to carry about the mace, the symbol of the power of the House, and to compel obedience to the Speaker's orders. The comment of a competent critic on the episode was as follows: "Mr. Bynum's resentment has been justified by Mr. Bayne's admission of the worthlessness of Campbell's accusations, and his punishment, which he was fully justified in regarding as a decoration, could be very properly atoned for by expunging the order for censure upon a motion to reconsider."

Mr. Renouard's picture was drawn immediately after Mr. Bynum had made a striking speech on the tariff. It will be seen from his face that he is a very intense and earnest man. He is still young, having been born in Indiana nearly forty-four years ago, and has been in public life since 1871, when he was elected City Attorney of Washington, Indiana. He was first nominated for Congress in 1884, and his campaign attracted the attention of the country, for it was conducted almost exclusively on the tariff issue. It was supposed that Mr. Bynum would be defeated, because Indianapolis, the chief city of his district, was a centre of manufactures as well as of railroads. A band of young lawyers, chiefly mugwumps, made a vigorous and aggressive fight, holding meetings of working-men, and preaching the doctrine of revenue reform in the very factories. Mr. Bynum was elected. Since his advent in Congress he has been an outspoken and prominent member, intensely partisan, and always ready to assert his own and his party's rights.



ENCOURAGING THE LINE.—From the Painting by Gilbert Gaul.

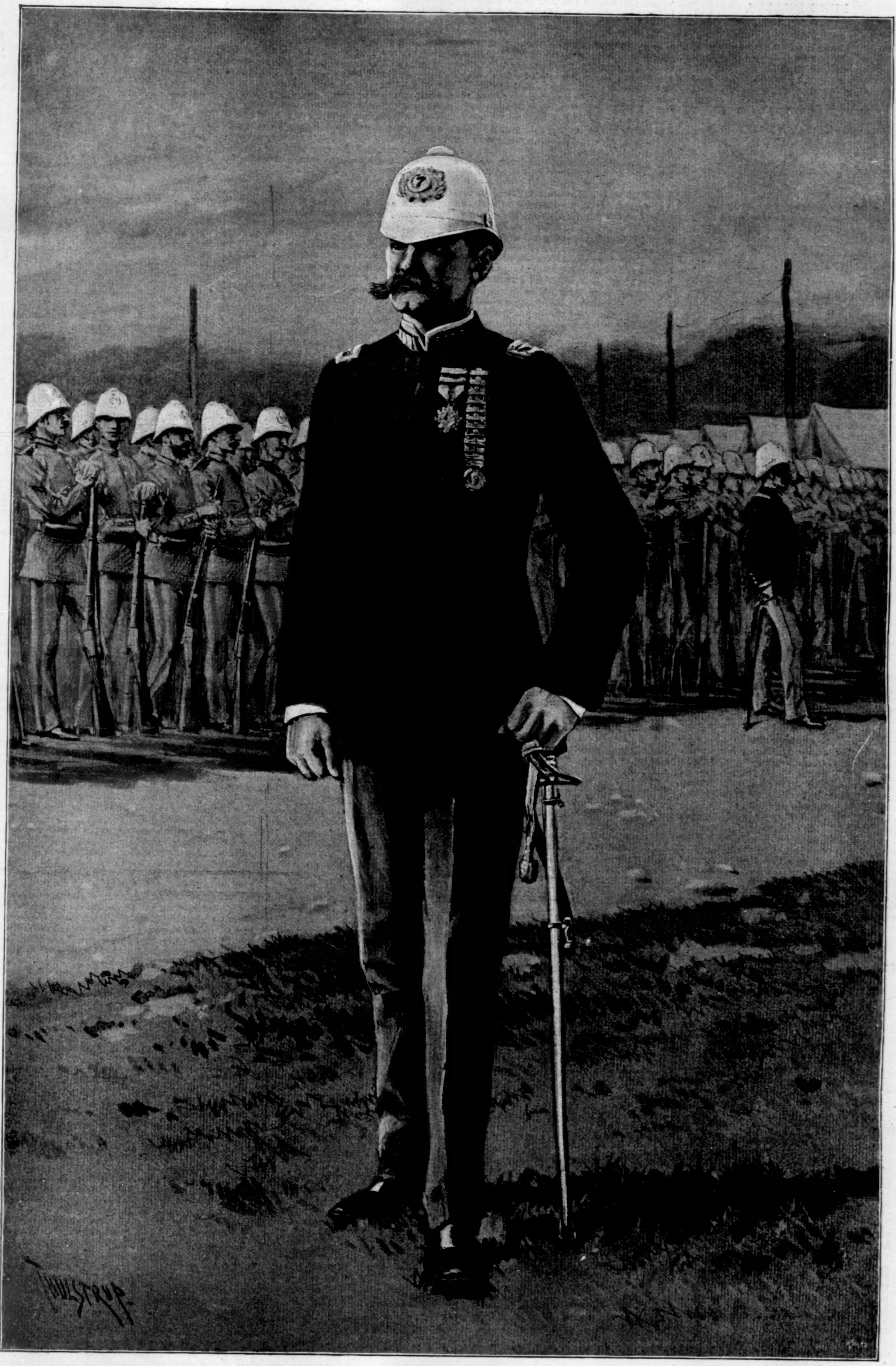
TO the soldier his colors are the symbol of his cause. They are at once his rallying-point and his inspiration. The phrase "terrible as an army with banners" comes to us from the days of Solomon, and in all lands and ages the standard, whether eagle of bronze or ensign of silk, has formed a potent element of martial efficiency. The same devotion to preserve it from capture, the same eagerness of its dying bearer to hand the precious charge to his superior officer, that form the theme of modern anecdote, may be found in Florus. When Holmes sings of the *Constitution*, it is her "tattered ensign" that first attracts his attention. It was the sight of our starry flag that inspired the verses of Key and of Drake, while the literature of all other nations contains similar apostrophes to their banners. The traveller in foreign lands does not soon forget the emotion stirred within him by the unexpected sight of his country's ensign. An insult to that emblem is resented as an insult to the nation; while around it, for its defence or capture, rages the stress of conflict on the battle-field. As the sight of the flag stirs the soldier's enthusiasm, so is it with the sound of martial music—the brisk tunes to which troops march off to the war, and the more sonorous battle hymns. "The shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," have a place no less than the plumed troop and the royal banner in Othello's memory of the quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of war; and unnumbered are the instances of the cheering effect of patriotic music in the din of combat.

It is this appeal through the eye and the ear to the heart of the soldier that Mr. Gilbert Gaul depicts in his canvas "Encouraging the Line." The movement and life of the picture instantly strike the observer—the worn but sturdy color-bearer; the fifer with eyes intent on the battle as he moves on; the apprehensive glance of one of the drummer-boys in the same direction, while his comrade has already the courage of a veteran; the cheering throng of officers and men, set off here and there with a grim and stolid figure; and over all the flag, with the stars on its azure field and its inscriptions of past victories on the stripes: a triumphant spectacle.

Such a picture suggests the sentimental value of martial adjuncts, which the modern utilitarian spirit has sometimes proposed to abolish. A few years ago a French Minister of War, General Farre, tried the experiment of prohibiting drums, because they employed the services of men who might otherwise wield rifles, and often in battle are lost or destroyed. But drummers have also shown their ability to use rifles in case of need, and, above all, they, like the color-bearers, carry appliances that stimulate a martial bearing in others. Philosophers may argue against the folly of worshipping a bit of bunting, but while human nature remains what it is, the flag will continue to be an object of patriotic adoration for the sake of what it typifies.

Especially appropriate is the sketch from Mr. Gaul's picture given in the present number of the WEEKLY to the week which includes the annual celebration of our Memorial Day. It is an occasion consecrated to the memory of those who died in the defence of the flag and of the Union it symbolizes.

"Never more as dead, never more as lost,
Are they held whom nations guard and keep."



DANIEL APPLETON, COLONEL OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.—Drawn from Life by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 430.]

PURE HEARTS.

"DARLING! darling!" Hear him call,
With gay youth's voice, his merry love.
Beside what nodding flower is she,
Rich hollyhock or sweetbrier tree?
Jack has a bout with thorn and bee;
Then sees her fair hair's glinting fall
The laughing pansy patch above.
Well "darling" knows the name her own
Through the fragrant garden blown!

"Darling! darling!" Who is he
Calling the sweet word with a quaver,
Whose flowing hair is white as snow
Among the flowers that gayly grow—
No matter how winds come and go—
To new-sprung rose and blushing pea?
Oh, not with ay does loving waver!
"Darling" as wife, and weak and old,
Still is to Jack worth sunshine's gold.

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

COLONEL DANIEL APPLETON.

IF one thousand young men could be brought together who possess more energy, intelligence, and generosity than are to be found in the individuals who compose the Seventh Regiment of New York, a better regiment could undoubtedly be formed. But some of the members of that organization would deny that any improvement in respect to these personal qualities can be made. The readiness with which leisure time and constant thought are bestowed upon its duties surprises those who do not understand the secret of the regiment. The secret of the regiment is that everything is done with spontaneity; nothing is forced; duty is a pleasure. Subordination to discipline is the sole object of the *military* body; the men are part of that body to be subordinated; every one recognizes it; the one who does not is dull; he cannot affect the general sentiment; he is despised. Of course the association of such men gives opportunity for great enjoyment. Whoever is all fun when fun is in order, and all work and seriousness when duty demands, is the ideal comrade. But it is not the pleasurable side of the regiment which stimulates effort in its behalf so much as it is the easy manner in which the *raison d'être* of the organization is constantly kept before the minds of its members.

To be the leader of one hundred of the number, to command the confidence, respect, and admiration which they are capable of, must of itself be a happy reflection; but to stand in that relation to the entire command is enough to turn happiness into pride. For ten years Colonel Daniel Appleton was the Captain of a company in the Seventh Regiment. In that position he knew the sentiment of devotion on the part of generous-hearted young men, and from none can heartier responses be had when the call of duty is made than from young men. In managing his company, he acted upon the assumption that no one was expected to do more than his duty. The Captain did his as he knew it, and how he knew a soldier's duty was well illustrated when a youth came late to his fatigue party in camp one day because he had tarried a little over his breakfast, thus keeping others waiting, and the Captain said, "Don't you know that it is a soldier's duty to think of others before he thinks of himself?" When, in 1876, the regiment entered upon the torrid march through the baking heat of Philadelphia on the Centennial Day, a sense of duty to his company kept him from leaving the ranks, although warned of his condition, until he dropped and had to be carried away.

And so, as like begets like, the spirit of duty grew until no steadier ranks could be found than those of Captain Appleton's company. It was not remarkable, therefore, that he should be chosen without a dissenting vote to command the regiment. He had absorbed the spirit of its progress, and was quite familiar with the traditions and ways which appertained to its busy life. The distinguished officer who had for twenty five years discharged the duties of Colonel—General Emmons Clark—has commented upon the promotion of his successor in the complete and elaborate *History of the Seventh Regiment*, which has just been published by the regiment, in these words: "His military and executive ability were universally recognized. He was remarkably popular as a gentleman, and he entered upon his responsible and important duties with the cordial and united support of the officers and members of the Seventh Regiment, and with every prospect of a career of great success and usefulness."

Less than a year has elapsed since that promotion, but those few months have been sufficient to establish a leadership and to intensify the regard of the regiment for their new commander. Colonel Appleton has been heard to say: "We love the regiment, and we give our time and best efforts to it; so much so, that some of us do not get married." For the benefit of the hosts of fair visitors to the regiment the disclaimer ought to be made that this remark was merely a statement of historical fact. Fortunately the military code has no Draconic precepts on this subject, and the popularity of the regiment must not be permitted to suffer by the imputation that the sentiment uttered is endorsed in any way as necessary or proper.

In the portrait herewith published the artist has happily caught the attitude and features of the subject of this sketch. The training which he has had as an athlete is indicated by the firmly set muscles and broad chest; and the picture suggests the fact that as he draws a full breath and stands inclined slightly forward, the arms alert, the universal sentiment throughout the regiment is indisposition to measure strength with him. The picturesque decoration which he wears as the gift of the State, known to the men by the suggestive title "Fire Escape," indicates the annual winning twelve times of the marksman's badge; while the other more ornate decoration is the long-service medal of the Seventh Regiment in bronze, with a silver bar at the top denoting fifteen years' service.

The competitions of the young men of the regiment in their athletic games, held twice each winter, would be incomplete without the Colonel, who is called upon to act as referee. The confidence in his inability to lean one hair's-breadth toward his own old company is only equalled by the confidence of the men of that company that they will receive exact justice in the determination of any close question. These are characteristics which combine to create the affectionate title bestowed by the men, "Our Dan." There are other Dans. Sometimes the expression is heard, "T'other Dan," but there is none so generally known and of whom possession is so confidently asserted.

In no one can there be found a greater pride in the glory of the Seventh Regiment than in Colonel Appleton, and the watchword of those who have his spirit is "loyalty to the regiment." Whatever would displace the devotion which has been characteristic of those who made the fame of the Seventh, and whatever would divert the faithful efforts of those who are entitled to wear its uniform from advancing its standard, are sure to have his disapproval; and the pride of Colonel Appleton is the educated pride of a member of the regiment, as well as the inherited pride of a descendant of the first American thrown into jail for resistance to the tax imposed upon the colonists by British tyranny, Samuel Appleton, imprisoned in the jail at Ipswich in 1775, and who thereafter drew his sword in defence of the principle upon which our government is founded.

"LANDING DRILLS" WITH THE SQUADRON.

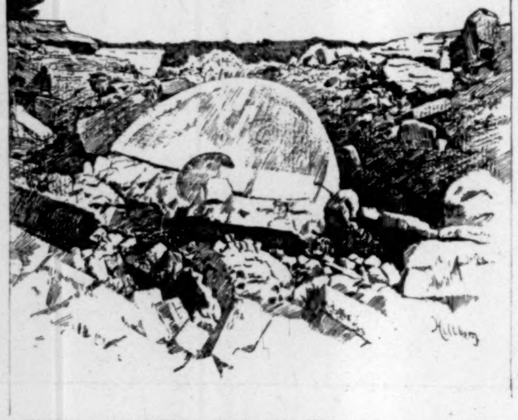
AMONG the manifold duties which our naval officers and men-of-wars' men may at any time be called upon to perform, one of the most important is that of landing under arms either for the protection of the lives and property of American citizens threatened by riots in uncivilized or half-civilized countries, as at Alexandria in 1882; for the attack of fortified positions on shore, as in Corea in 1871; or for more extensive operations involving a considerable tract of country and prolonged occupation, as at Aspinwall in 1885. As a preparation for work of this kind, a "landing force" is organized on every ship and in every squadron, and advantage is taken of all opportunities for drilling this force in order that the men may be, as far as possible, familiarized with duties which, when all has been done, must still remain foreign to all their habits and traditions. The very fact that it is foreign to these habits and traditions gives it an interest for the average blue-jacket, which, with the element of picturesqueness that always attaches to a sailor on shore, makes this the most attractive of all the drills in the routine of a man-of-war.

The landing force of an individual ship consists of a certain number of companies of infantry and pieces of artillery, varying with the size of the complement. The standard force of a company is thirty-six files, and of a section of artillery the same. To these are added a force of sappers and miners, who are unarmed, but carry picks, shovels, crowbars, and axes; an ambulance squad with stretchers, medicine chests, and surgical instruments; a commissary squad charged with supplying provisions; and an ammunition party, which sees that the supply of ammunition is kept up and properly distributed in action. The force as above organized constitutes a battalion. It is complete in itself, as will be seen. When several battalions are combined they form a naval brigade, in which the various artillery forces are united in a single battalion of artillery; the companies of marines in a single battalion of marines; the sappers and miners, the commissary, ambulance, and ammunition squads in much larger forces acting for the brigade as a whole. The equipment of the individual sailor or marine varies with the service to be performed. In landing for distant service, or for more than a single day, he carries a knapsack and blanket, haversack with a day's rations, canteen, ammunition, and of course a rifle. The ammunition carried on the person consists of a hundred cartridges; these are carried in little pockets in a woven belt about the waist. This includes two magazines ready charged, which are worn in the belt ready for instant attachment to the piece; for the rifle carried by the sailors is a magazine arm of the latest and most improved type, except in the one important particular of calibre. This is just one-third greater than it should be.

The uniform worn in landing consists of a blouse and trousers of coarse white material, with a skull-cap knitted of blue yarn. Leggings are worn to confine the trousers about the ankles. The whole costume is neat, comfortable, and business-like. The marines wear their usual fatigue dress, and carry practically the same accoutrements as the blue-jackets. They are armed, however, with the army pattern of Springfield rifle instead of the Lee, and they have not the same supply of ammunition as that carried in the web belts of the sailors. As has been said, advantage is taken of every opportunity that can be found for landing drills; but such opportunities are rare on foreign stations, as very few governments will give permission for the landing on their territory of the armed forces of another power. No European government probably would give such permission to any of its neighbors; but an exception is sometimes made in favor of our squadrons on this station. We have often been allowed to land at Port Mahon, and it was hoped that permission to land there would be granted to the Squadron of Evolution; but when the request was made, it was very courteously refused. This was a serious disappointment at the time; but in the end it made no difference, as the privilege refused by the Spanish authorities was afterward granted by the French. Two weeks were spent in Port Mahon, and although no landing could be made, the time was well occupied in other drills, for which that quiet harbor presented many advantages not usually found. Through the kindness of the French authorities the opportunity for landing was found at Villefranche, and the three weeks spent by the squadron in that port were occupied with this drill to the exclusion of all others. The officers went ashore as often as is the time-honored custom at Villefranche; but their time was spent not at Nice and Monte Carlo, but in clambering about the rocky promontory of Cape Ferrat. A landing was made every day except Saturdays and Sundays. The different ships landed and drilled their battalions separately, and no attempt was made at brigade organization or drill, the time being fully occupied in the simpler movements of the "School of the Battalion." A steady improvement marked the bearing and drilling from day to day. The time required for equipping, embarking, and landing the whole force was reduced by more than one-half in the course of little more than a week of drilling.

Upon the arrival of the squadron at Corfu permission was readily given by the Greek government for the landing of our forces on the island of Vido, a large island in the harbor immediately opposite the city. The first advantage that was taken of this permission was to make use of the island for rifle target practice. All the officers and men of the squadron were required to fire a certain number of rounds at ranges of one hundred and two hundred yards. This occupied the greater part of the three weeks spent at Corfu, but time was found at the end for one landing drill, and for this the battalions of the ships were combined in a brigade of eight hundred and fifty men, under command of Commander F. E. Chadwick, of the *Yorktown*. As the ground on the island is very irregular, it was difficult to carry out any very formal tactical evolutions, and the time was principally devoted to skirmishing, this being regarded as the most important work that a naval force would be called upon for in the event of a landing for actual business in any of the wild countries where such a landing would be likely to be made. The boats of the various ships pulled in successively to a little cove on the south side of the island, which presented the only favorable spot for landing, and having disembarked their men, were towed off by steam-launches and anchored well clear of the beach, leaving the landing clear for the boats of the next ship. The men fell into ranks, and were marched off with a promptness born of much practice at Villefranche. Line was formed along a ridge which runs the length of the island, and from which the land falls suddenly toward the landing-place on the south side, but slopes more gradually to the northward, forming an undulating tract nearly a half-mile square, on which the manœuvres took place. These, as has been said, consisted principally of the deployment, advance, and retreat, and assembling of skirmishers. An enemy was supposed to occupy certain high ground at the northern end of the island, the line of his intrenchment being indicated by markers' flags. Toward this position two lines of skirmishers were thrown out. All movements were made by signal sounded on the bugle, the skirmishers advancing or retreating, lying down, firing, rallying, etc., at the call. In the end, having approached close to the enemy's position with such shelter as the ground afforded, the first line was re-enforced by the second, and the signal given both to charge. This was the moment for which the men had been impatiently waiting, for there is a great deal of the school-boy spirit in a blue-jacket, and he delights in nothing so much as in a chance to "charge with a cheer," whether in earnest or in make believe. The enemy's position was carried in gallant style, though not without casualties, for one officer got a tumble, resulting in a badly sprained ankle, and two sailors also fell and were considerably bruised, one of them requiring to be sent off the field on a stretcher.

The drill closed with a review. Line was formed and inspected, and then at the order the companies wheeled into column, and marched past the reviewing stand with the steadiness of veterans to the tune of "Marching through Georgia." Then came the march to the landing, the embarkation, and the return to the ships. The brigade organization, although tried for the first time, worked without a hitch, and the officers, although very few of them had seen a brigade drill, went through their work as if they had been brought up in the "School of the Brigade." The Admiral, who witnessed the manœuvres from the top of the ridge which overlooked the ground, was much gratified with the precision and the spirit manifested.



RUINS OF FORTIFICATIONS ON VIDO, DESTROYED BY THE ENGLISH IN 1865.

"MRS. BRER JONES."

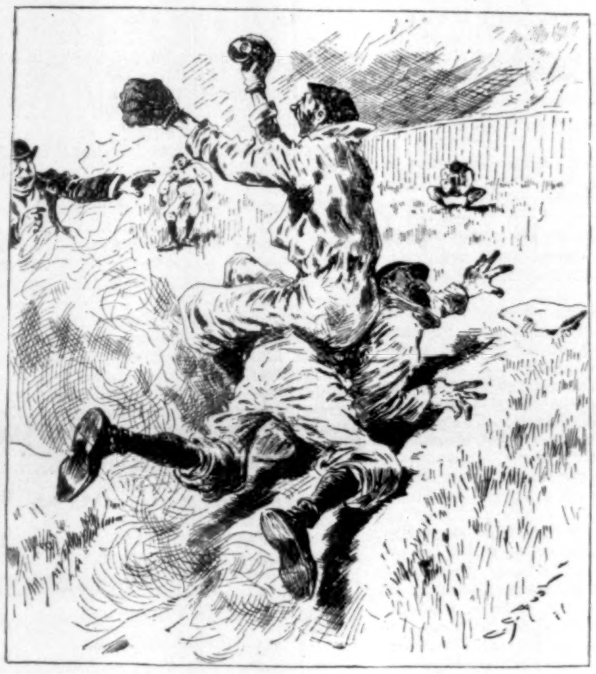
THE Zion M. E. African Church of Dixville was in a ferment. Conference was over. The Rev. Solon Bulger and family had departed to Paddy Run, and the Rev. Cato Jones, who had filled two appointments in Chicago with great acceptance, was expected. Dixville was becoming an important manufacturing point, and felt it deserved, if it could not support, as capable a preacher as there was to be had. Moreover the Baptist African had become a formidable rival. After repairing their meeting-house and hanging a loud-tongued bell in their new tower, the colored Baptists had called Mr. Bushwhack from Cincinnati, and his eloquent appeals had resulted in a great revival and an energetic stirring of the "baptismal waters."

"We's sabed by faith, an' not by wrastlin' awfter de pomps and wanities ob dis wicked an' transibitory worl'," Uncle Jupiter Phipps had always said when repairing the Zion meeting-house had been under discussion. "Ef dar's one t'ing I'm mo' agin dan anoder, it's pride." But when he saw the young waiters from the National House and other hotels deserting to the Baptists, and Uncle Noah Hill, who, though he did not belong to Zion, called himself "a hoper," and gave generously, for his means, to its support, not only sneaking off to see Mr. Bushwhack immerse candidates for church membership in Goose Creek, but actually going to Baptist meetings, even he admitted that something must be done. So, after much controversy, Zion meeting-house was painted a fine greenish yellow outside and an equally fine yellowish green inside, and Sam Buckles was authorized to apply a certain sort of paper to the windows which, it was said, would make them as handsome as if they were of the most costly stained glass.

Just before conference sat, Uncle Jupiter, who was energetic when started, persuaded his employer, Mr. Brill, to write for him to the bishop. "'Fo' all, in course, we mus' hab a man as can lif' de ha'r plum offen de haids ob sinners w'en dey hears him a-launchin' out. Den he mus' hab mannahs—dem dar takin' mannahs, like de gum on fly-paper as sticks what touches it. An' las' an' p'intedly, he mus' hab de sense ter sashay round dem pitfalls de debbil is so handy at diggin' in dis yer town roun' preachers," dictated Uncle Jupiter. "Tell him, sah, ef he done sont us a 'postle as can't git along wid ole Unc' Pete Lummis, who's allus a argyfyin' an' wid de wimmin, he'll made a fizzle ob it, no mattah what elst he is."

It was supposed that the appointment of the Rev. Cato Jones was the result of this epistle.

Having a lively sense of "benefits to come," the sisters determined to give Mr. and Mrs. Jones a grand reception. (It was taken for granted that there was a Mrs. Jones.) So the parsonage was made as clean as hands could scrub it; and the day before the new-comers were expected, a dozen or more of the older women met at the house of Aunt Serena Paradise to quilt an elaborate bed-cover, which was to be pre-



SARCASM.
"How's that, Umpire?"

sented to Mrs. Jones with an appropriate speech.

As in some other churches, heavy financial burdens fell upon the female half of Zion membership. Sewing societies, taffy-pullings, jug-breakings, and home talent concerts eked out the subscriptions of the brethren, and these oftener than not were scraped together by the women of the several households.

"'Pears like dar's mons'ous little wuk in de bredderin," complained Aunt Dinah Lummis, when, at the end of the year, the treasury being empty, the usual appeal was made to the sisters to "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." "It do look like ter me dey jess reckon dey's done dere pa't by holdin' office an' talkin' in meetin'."

Naturally, under such circumstances, the pastor's wife was expected to lend a zealous hand to all church undertakings, and not only to make bread for herself and family, but literally to earn it. Unhappily a pastor's wife has her share of human weaknesses and limitations, and the position is notoriously difficult. So it is not wonderful that the ladies whose husbands had ministered at the M. E. African had been found more or less below the ideal of the more exigent of the sisters. But hope rose with each new appointment; and though nothing was known of the expected Mrs. Jones, much was anticipated, and she had been made president of everything and responsible for everything in advance.

"I rickon, Sis Pa'adise, dis yer Sis Brer Jones are a 'ooman as is a 'ooman, er he wouldn't noways be 'p'inted twict at Chicago," reasoned Aunt Judy Phipps, who was the first to arrive at the quilting. "I rickon dem folks at Chicago wouldn't be what dey is ef dey 'lows foolishness when dey's payin' out dere money fo' sumpin' diffunt. Senct ole Mis' Perry died, de fus' year she war here, ebery pawster's wife we's had's been triflin', er lazy, er had a mis'ry, er sumpin'. Dar was Sis Bulger, wid two pa'r ob twins when she come hyar, an' she mus' go an' hab anoder set! 'Pears like she rickoned she cud 'dulge herself in all de twins she wanted. An' Sis Humpy's mis'ry, fus' in one place an' den in nurrer place! Um-m-m-m! I was plum wo' out waiten fur her to die er git well, an' she di'n't do neder. Ef dis yer Sis Brer Jones tu'ns out wuff her salt, let alone her bread an' meat, I'll be thankful ter glory."

"We'll fin' out by waitin'," said Aunt Serena, pushing her spectacles up on her forehead. "But, Judy, I's ben studyin' bouten de pawster's wife lately, an' it's ben boan in on my mind dat de Scripter doan say a wo'd bouten *her* bein' called. She air chosen. Dat's de way it looks ter me. An' dat's all dere is to it."

Aunt Serena lived on the interest of her money, could read, and was altogether the most influential person in the Zion connection. In her youth a slave, her tiny fortune was the gift of her old mistress, who had been a great lady in her day; but friends dead and wealth gone, Madam Paradise had died in the arms of Aunt Serena, and the chief mourner at her grave had been the whilom slave. It had been a bitter trial to leave Oak Hill and the South; but Aunt Serena's one tie on earth was John Brill, Madam Paradise's nephew, and him she had followed into the North, and at last to Dixville, and her neat white cottage next the Zion parsonage had become the social apex of colored society in that enterprising town, in spite of the fact that more than one colored family enjoyed a larger income. Few ventured to differ with Aunt Serena, and no one to disregard her opinion.

"My land ter gracious!" exclaimed Aunt Judy, distressfully, but most respectfully. "But yoo mussent fo'git how dem Babtises is a-totin' off de young folks, an' a ensnarin' de ole ones like Unc' No', de ole sinnah. Mighter jined de a'k mo'n twenty year, but he wouldn't." Then anxiety getting the better of the habitual awe in which she stood of Aunt Serena, she added: "An' w'at a body t'inks to deirselves dey ain't noways 'bleeged ter tell on, an' I hopes yoo won't tell yoo 'pinion roun' permiscuous, 'ca'se wid dese repairin's an' Brer Bushwhack a-takin' a nip at us ev'y side, we has ter hab all han's in de fiel'. Moreovah, we is boun' ter git de wuff ob our money outen somebody, an' dis Sis Brer Jones orter make up ter us fo' some ob de triflin' no 'counts we's had afo'."

When the quilt was surrounded by workers, and had been rolled twice, who should enter but Mrs. Sally Skittles, the great lady of the Baptist society, and with her was a gay young creature she introduced to the company as "Miss Ann-er-liza Dixon, ob Chicago."

Mr. Jonah Skittles was the manager of a prosperous steam laundry, and Mrs. Skittles wore a silk gown and a watch that appeared to be gold, and held herself very haughtily indeed.

"I jist drapt in ter fotch yoo a bokay, Miss Paradise," she said, flouncing up to Aunt Serena, and giving her a huge nosegay. "'Tain't no gre't, but our garding is scraped 'most clean fo' Brer Bushwhack's tin weddin'. I hopes yoo all 'll come. De chu'ch is gwin ter gib him a comme'tary dat Jo Lossing sez weighs nigh onter fifteen pound, an' Miss Bushwhack is gwin ter hab a wheelbarry load ob tin."

Aunt Dinah Lummis raised her head in indignation. Not only was Mrs. Skittles patronizing Aunt Serena, but she was affecting ignorance of an event that all Dixville—at least colored Dixville—was looking forward to with the keenest interest.

But Aunt Serena, with that dignity which curiously discomfited Mrs. Skittles, took the flowers, and said, gently, she was much obliged. "But as ter de tin weddin'— Ob co'se yoo knows our new pawster is comin' fum Chicago!" Unconsciously her voice took a lingering pleasure in the name Chicago. And Aunt Dinah, unable to contain herself, muttered audibly that "ye cud buy a wheelbarry load ob tin fo' fifty cent at de dime sto'."

"Aw—yas; I's hearn ob dat pawster yoo's lookin' fa," admitted Mrs. Skittles, her little eyes twinkling with malice. "I reckin yoo's feelin' pooty jubersome bouten him. I's sorry fo' yoo, shorely."

"Sorry!" exclaimed impetuous Aunt Judy Phipps. "Sorry! Whater yoo mean, Mis' Skittles? I kin hear all yoo knows; yoo needn't spen' time a-hintin'."

"I knows some t'ings," admitted Mrs. Skittles, tossing her head; "an' fo' a fac', I knows nuttin' good."

"Ye doan mean it!" groaned Aunt Dinah, quite overcome. And the other women set up an echo of lamentation.

"Tell 'em, chile, w'at yoo's done tole me bouten Sis Jones," said Mrs. Skittles to her friend.

Miss Dixon giggled behind her Japanese fan, and shook her head until entreated to tell her secret by Aunt Judy.

"Waal, 'twas diserway," at last begnn Ann-er-liza, twirling her rings. "My cousin Tilly ma'id Jim Clay, an' dey libs outen ter Tybu'n Place, an' nex' do' to de deacon ob dis yer Mr. Jones's chu'ch. An' I've hearn Tilly say dat dis Mis' Jones nevah do a lick fo' de chu'ch, no 'am; an' when de membahs come ter tea er drap in, stid er whullin' in an' makin' waffles er sumpfin, she jes struck a trot roun' de neighborhood an' borr'ed, an' borr'ed, an' borr'ed; an' ef she cuddent mek out dat way, she jes went to der bake shop. An' onct I went ter one ob dere sociables, an' I had a sand-ridge"—Miss Dixon's face drew up in retrospective disgust—"waal, it war like sawdust, an' dey said as dat was Mis' Jones's cookin'! But clothes! My king, yoo orter see that 'ooman's clothes!"

Aunt Judy groaned and almost wrung her hands, and there were sorrowful exclamations on all sides. But Aunt Serena did not forget the dignity of her Church, and her usually placid soul was moved out of its habitual calm.

"I reckon de Methodis' bettah wait till dere po' sheep is on de scales afo' dey weighs 'em," she said, as a sort of general remark addressed to the company. "An' ef de wust is afo' us, it air time enuff ter wrastle wid it when it hab come ter town."

At this moment, between the two snowball bushes that guarded the gate, and which were now white with blossoms, Uncle Jupiter Phipps appeared, hat in hand, his broad face beaming, and his body describing a series of wonderful if short curves, which was his way of indicating a high degree of satisfaction. Beside him walked a young colored man, comely, though inky black.

"Laws a mussy, Aunt S'rena," cried Uncle Jupiter, delightedly, "who does ye t'ink dis yer gemman is? My, I's ben dat flustrated sonce he come dat I's all tore up. Yas, 'm. Dat's so. An' Mr. Brill, yoo jist orter see him! 'My Moses!' sez he. He allus sez dat air when he all doubled up wid s'prise. 'My Moses! Cato!'"

Uncle Jupiter mopped his brow with his red bandanna, and his wife broke in, impatiently: "Tell us de news, Jupe. Yer keepin' us yere gapin' at ye, like a dozen hop-toads at a fly."

But Uncle Jupiter was past fear of Aunt Judy now. He was born on the plantation adjoining the Paradise estate, the property of Major Brill, his present employer's father, and shared Aunt Serena's devotion to Oak Hill and the past. "Yoo neber can t'ink who he are," he went on, with an admiring gesture toward the stranger, who stood waiting, self-possessed and smiling. "He are—ole Jo's boy's—boy. Jo's boy Sam come Norf an' called heself Sam Jones. Dar yoo is. An' he's our new pawster."

Old Joe had driven the Paradise horses when Aunt Serena was young. Memories tender and memories sad stirred within her. She seemed to see the long avenue of live-oaks that led to Oak Hill, and heard the soft exultant song of the mocking-birds. But a rustle of Mrs. Skittles's gown brought her back to the present, and with a swift movement she laid her hand upon the new pastor's arm. "Whar's yoo wife?" she asked, solemnly.

"I have no wife," said Mr. Jones, with modesty; but something, a shade—perhaps—passed over his face, and one wise in the art of reading his race might have guessed that he had matrimonial anticipations.

"No wife!" echoed Aunt Serena, turning upon Mrs. Skittles and her friend. "Yoo heah, Mis' Skittles. No wife 'tall."

"What chu'ch did dat Mis' Jones b'lang to yoo's tell us dat story 'bout?" asked Aunt Judy, severely. She wanted the fact for future use in case another Mr. Jones was appointed to Dixville. Moreover, her curiosity was insatiable about ministers of every sect.

"I dun'no'," said Miss Ann-er-liza, blankly. "Cousin Jim he are a Christian Campbellite, and his wife she are a fawty-gallon Baptis', but I's a 'Piscopal. I on'y tole ye what I done heard. I dun'no's a body's ter blame fer hearin'. Ye can't noways close yer ears. An' I nevah 'flected as how dar ar Mis' Brer Jones mout not be a Methodis'. I's mighty fo'gitful."

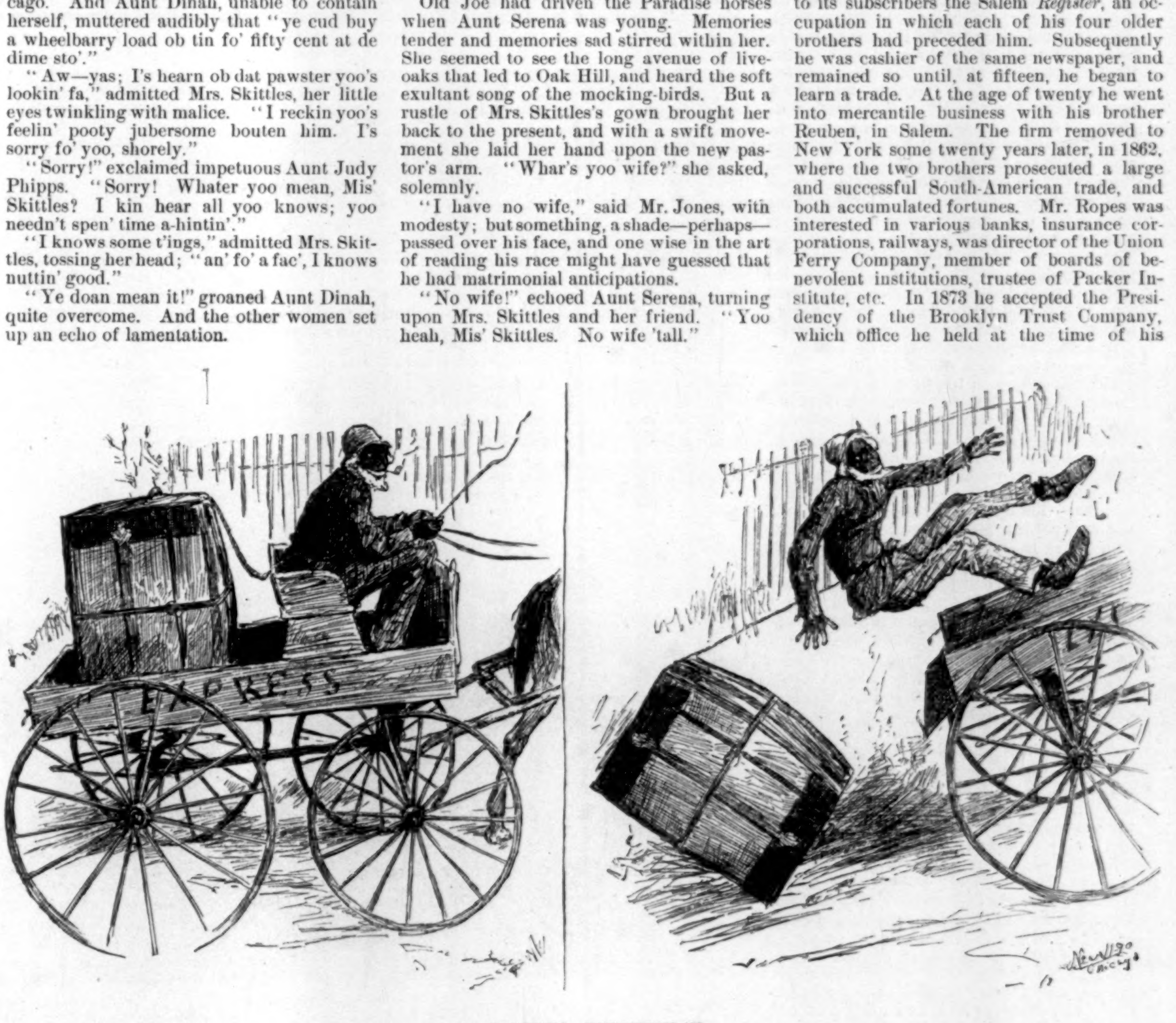
"Ye can't noways make somefin outen nuffin'," said Aunt Serena to herself, as with darkling brow she watched Mrs. Skittles and Miss Dixon disappear round the corner, and quite unconscious that she was, in a way, quoting Shakespeare. "Fo'gitful! Ahum-m-m-m!" Then she turned to the company, now buzzing in a perfect ecstasy about Mr. Jones. "You all riccolec' what I say, folks as hears so much hears mor'n happens. Dey heahs what ain't so. Dar's nuffin' easier den bein' mistaken. Specially 'bout folks."

Elizabeth Cumings.

RIPLEY ROPES.

Of late years a great deal has been said of the delinquencies of business and professional men in our cities with respect to their political duties, and at their doors has been laid much of the responsibility for corrupt and loose municipal governments. It is an entirely safe proposition that if the counting-room took as much part and interest in public affairs as the saloon does, the situation would be vastly improved. The respectable business men who do their whole duty as members of a self-governed community are comparatively few. It is due to this unfavorable condition of things that the record of the subject of this sketch is a peculiarly bright and edifying one. The search must be far and wide to find a man who comes nearer to the ideal American citizen than did Ripley Ropes, who died at his residence, No. 40 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, on May 18th. He was a merchant and financier of exceptional ability and energy, social, sympathetic, unselfish, charitable, and keenly alive to the demands of a popular form of government upon the individual. His business and his political morality were cast in the same mould. The latter, like the former, did not stop at sentiment, but was put into effective practice with marked results. His example plainly said to the great number of men of good standing who complain of political degeneracy, "If you wish for a better state of things, this is the way to go about securing it."

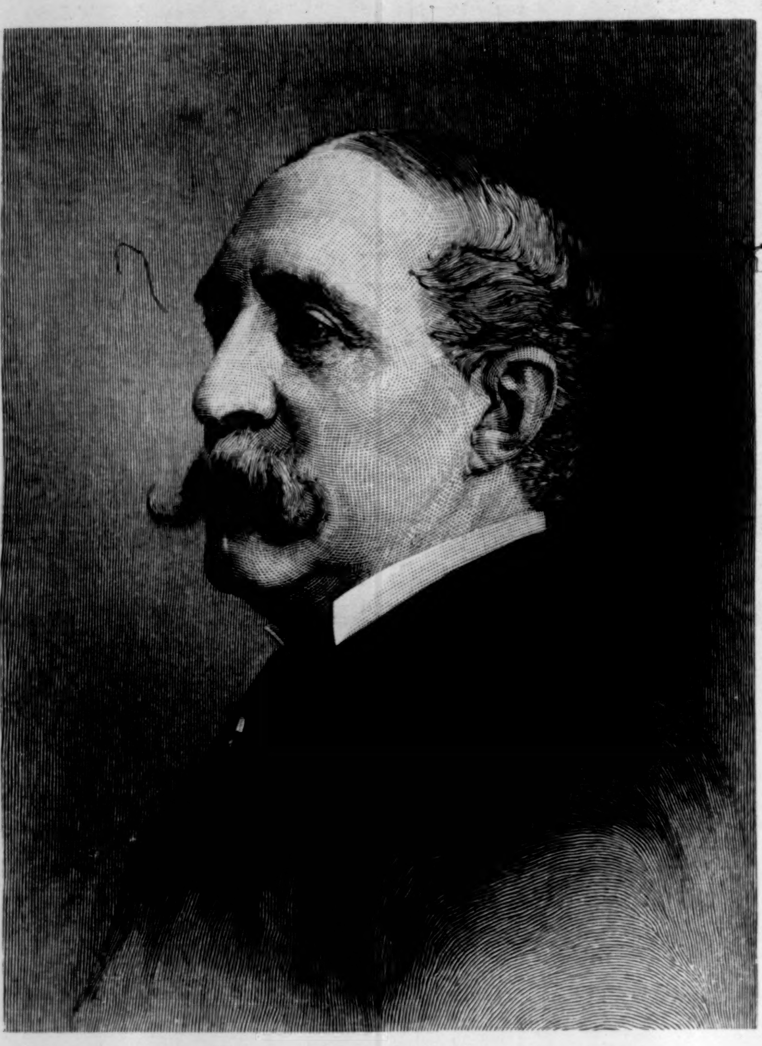
Mr. Ropes was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1820. His father, Benjamin Ropes, was a Captain in the war of 1812. When a boy of ten years he carried and delivered to its subscribers the Salem *Register*, an occupation in which each of his four older brothers had preceded him. Subsequently he was cashier of the same newspaper, and remained so until, at fifteen, he began to learn a trade. At the age of twenty he went into mercantile business with his brother Reuben, in Salem. The firm removed to New York some twenty years later, in 1862, where the two brothers prosecuted a large and successful South-American trade, and both accumulated fortunes. Mr. Ropes was interested in various banks, insurance corporations, railways, was director of the Union Ferry Company, member of boards of benevolent institutions, trustee of Packer Institute, etc. In 1873 he accepted the Presidency of the Brooklyn Trust Company, which office he held at the time of his



A CAREFUL EXPRESSMAN.

"Don't ketch me losin' no mo' trunks widout bein' notified. G'up yer, Lightenin'."

The notification comes.



THE LATE FLETCHER HARPER, OF HARPER & BROTHERS.

death. It was then in an embarrassed condition, and he declined to receive pay for his services while it was in difficulties. Under his management its affairs were gradually brought into a prosperous state, and it now has a surplus of more than a million dollars over and above its capital stock to that amount.

Ten years after establishing his residence in Brooklyn, Mr. Ropes became an active figure in local politics. The visible need of reform was the incentive, and the sterling quality of his citizenship would not permit him to remain passive. He served two terms, from 1872 to 1876, on the Board of Aldermen, and devoted himself to the work he had accepted office for, namely, the correction of abuses. In 1877 he was elected a member of the Board of Supervisors, and in the same year appointed by the Governor to the State Board of Commissioners of Charities, a position which he held until the day before his death. He did signal service in putting an end, for the time at least, to the worse than inefficient and wasteful administration of the public institutions of Kings County. He stopped leaks and extravagance in the conduct of asylums, hospitals, etc., secured more humane treatment for the defenceless inmates, and worked a reform in the matter of aid distributed to the outside poor.

He was a lion in the path of the corruptionists, and in 1881 the condition of municipal affairs in Brooklyn specially indicated the need of a man of his stamp for Mayor. He was nominated for the position by a mass-meeting of independent citizens, at which the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher made a notable address. Though his private business could not well permit the sacrifice, he consented to run. The Republicans subsequently made General Tracy, the present Secretary of the Navy, their regular nominee, and the outlook was that, owing to the divided opposition, the machine Democratic candidate, who represented what it was most desirable to avoid in city rule, would be elected. Mr. Ropes therefore proposed to General Tracy that both should withdraw for the common good, and unite in the support of Seth Low, now President of Columbia College. The proposition was patriotically acceded to, and Mr. Low was elected, Mr. Ropes pledging himself to do all in his power to aid and sustain him in the administration, which was made a red-letter one in the annals of Brooklyn. Mayor Low appointed Mr. Ropes Commissioner of City Works, and has since said of him: "It has always seemed to me a noteworthy evidence of his large-mindedness that he was willing to accept the position of Commissioner of Public Works under so young a man as myself, It was an act not only of genuine friendship, but of great public spirit. He was easily the most efficient Commissioner the city has ever had, and I think no one contributed more than he to whatever of success and repute attaches to my own administration as Mayor."

Though Mr. Ropes entered politics as a Republican, he was essentially independent. One of his first acts in office was to vote for the Democratic candidate for President of the Board of Aldermen, on the ground that he was a better man than his opponent. He voted for Cleveland in 1884 and 1888. The good of the community was his first consideration. In religious belief he was a Unitarian, and he was helpful in church matters as in everything else he was connected with. Above all, he was a full-rounded citizen in all the term implies—a high type of the material out of which the saving political leaven of this country must be composed.

Amos W. Wright.

FLETCHER HARPER.

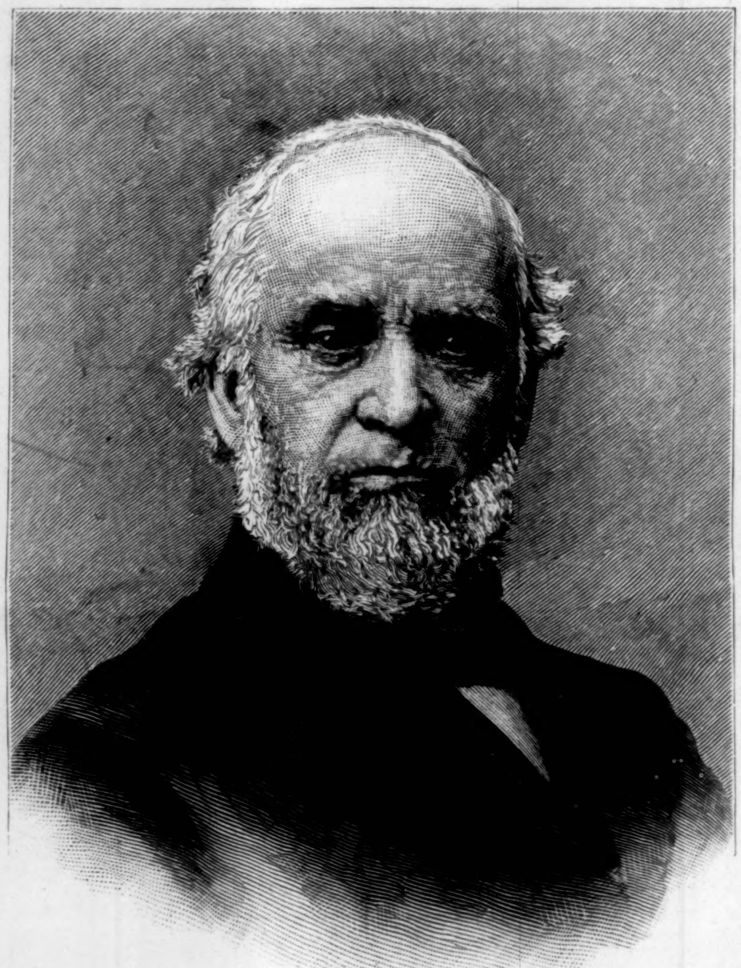
Fletcher Harper died at his house in East Sixtieth Street, New York, on the 22d inst., in the sixty-second year of his age. He had been for many years in precarious health, though he did not die of any specific disease, but of that general waste and decay of the system which is known to physicians as marasmus.

Fletcher Harper was born October 7, 1828, and was the second son of Fletcher Harper, the youngest of the original members of the firm of Harper & Brothers, the first and the only other child being the late Joseph W. Harper, Consul-General of the United States at Munich. The younger Fletcher, who has been best known in New York as Fletcher Harper "Junior," was born and passed his boyhood in New York, with the exception of a voyage to China before the mast, which he made at the age of sixteen. This was not exactly an escapade, but the result of a caprice, of which his father thought he would be more thoroughly cured by gratifying it than by thwarting it. The result approved the paternal wisdom, for the experience sufficed for the son. After finishing his Junior year at Columbia, and before entering upon his practical apprenticeship to the work of the house of which his father was a member, young Fletcher spent a year travelling in Europe with his parents. Soon after the founding of the New York *Times* his father bought an interest in the paper for him, and in April, 1853, the style of the proprietorship of the *Times* became "Raymond, Harper, & Co." The copartnership lasted only for a year or so, when Mr. Harper's interest was transferred to the other owners. The young man thereupon resumed his place in the house of Harper & Brothers.

He became a member of the firm in 1869, upon the death of Mr. James Harper, and for some time took special charge of the Harper Periodicals. He had married, nearly twenty years before, Miss Margaret C. Durbin, daughter of the Rev. John P. Durbin, D.D., then a well-known Methodist minister, and the issue of this marriage was one daughter, now Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley. During all these years Mr. Fletcher Harper was a familiar and welcome figure in New York society. He was an adept in many manly sports, and his strikingly handsome presence in his youth and in his prime conciliated the regard which was confirmed by his genial manner and his kindness of heart. He was an early and interested member of the Union League Club, and was a member of the building committee under the direction of which the present club-house was erected. He was an active Freemason, a member of Kane Lodge, and attained the dignity of Senior Warden. He was warmly interested from the time of its formation in the State Homœopathic Asylum for the Insane at Middletown, to the trusteeship of which he was appointed by Governor Dix in 1873. He was at once chosen President of the board, and continued to occupy that position until his death. His personal tastes were strongly æsthetic, and for many years he interested himself in gathering a valuable collection of pictures and bric-à-brac.

Mr. Harper's connection with the firm of Harper & Brothers as an active member lasted not much more than twelve years, although his membership continued until it was terminated by his death. Soon after 1882 his health became feeble, and for several years he had been forced to abstain from active business, and had spent much of his time abroad. During the summer of 1889 he visited Aix-les-Bains, in the hope of deriving benefit from the waters, but his condition became rapidly worse. On his return to New York last autumn he was so enfeebled that it was necessary to carry him on shore, and since then he has not been able to leave his room.

Before the death of the first Fletcher Harper, in 1877, there was a Fletcher Harper in each of four generations of his branch of the family. Of these the youngest alone is now left, the great-grandson, although the venerable widow of the first Fletcher and the great-grandmother of the last survives in a green old age.



THE LATE RIPLEY ROPES.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 431.]

SUPREMELY DELIGHTFUL

To the emaciated and debilitated invalid is the sense of returning health and strength produced by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When that promoter of vigor is tested by persons in feeble health, its restorative and vitalizing potency soon evinces itself in improved appetite, digestion, and nightly repose, the sole conditions under which strength and nerve quietude is vouchsafed to the human system. A gain in flesh of course ensues upon the restoration of digestion and assimilation. As surely as winter follows the fall of the leaf, does disease shadow the footsteps of declining strength, when the premature decadence of vitality is not arrested. Marasmus, consumption, and other wasting maladies are prompt to fasten upon the enfeebled. Avert disease, therefore, with this grand enabling tonic, which not only renews failing strength, but mitigates and counteracts the infirmities of age and those of the gentler sex. Rheumatism, malaria, liver and kidney troubles yield to it.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

The popular verdict seems to be that Nicholson's Liquid Bread fully meets the demand for an absolutely pure malt extract. Have you tried it? Grocers and druggists keep it.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.—[*Adv.*]

Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court of New York, has just decided that Dr. I. G. B. Siegert & Sons have the exclusive right to the trade-mark and name of Angostura Bitters, and has granted them an injunction against C. W. Abbott & Co., of Baltimore, restraining them from using that name or putting up goods in imitation of the Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

The prevalence of scrofulous taint in the blood is much more universal than many are aware. Indeed, but few persons are free from it. Fortunately, however, we have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla the most potent remedy ever discovered for this terrible affliction.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion........$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion........ 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion...... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion....... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space.................... 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space.................... 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space.................... 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space.................... 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines, 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

LEADERS ON THE TURF.

BY HARRY P. MAWSON.

THE American race-horse owes his pedigree to his English progenitor, and a sharp competition has always existed between American breeders to secure English race-horses of high merit to breed to their "native" thorough-bred mares. Among the most famous of these in latter years are Glencoe, Bonnie Scotland, Australian, Billet, Prince Charlie, Leamington, Mortemer, Glenelg, St. Blaise, and Rayon d'Or.

There never has been as much money "hung up" to race for as at the present day, nor so many horses to contend for it. The origin of "stakes" lies in the old-fashioned and now almost obsolete form of subscriptions by various owners, who thus practically raced for their own money. Prior to the establishment of the Futurity, the greatest race in money value ever run in this country was the Peyton Stakes, run at Nashville in 1843, and worth $43,000, made up from subscriptions of owners; and in this manner was also arranged the famous so-called Dinner Party Stakes, run at Baltimore in 1870, and worth $18,500 to the winner. Nowadays the great stakes are made up of the entrance fees, forfeits for declarations, starting fees, and the huge sums of "added money" by the various jockey clubs. Of course the public contributes to this by the entrance charges, the sums derived from the restaurant privileges, the tax on the bookmakers, and the percentage on the French mutuals. The number of races run in 1889 "on the flat" in the United States was 4939, and the amount of added money the enormous total of $2,379,192, an increase over 1888 of $541,917.

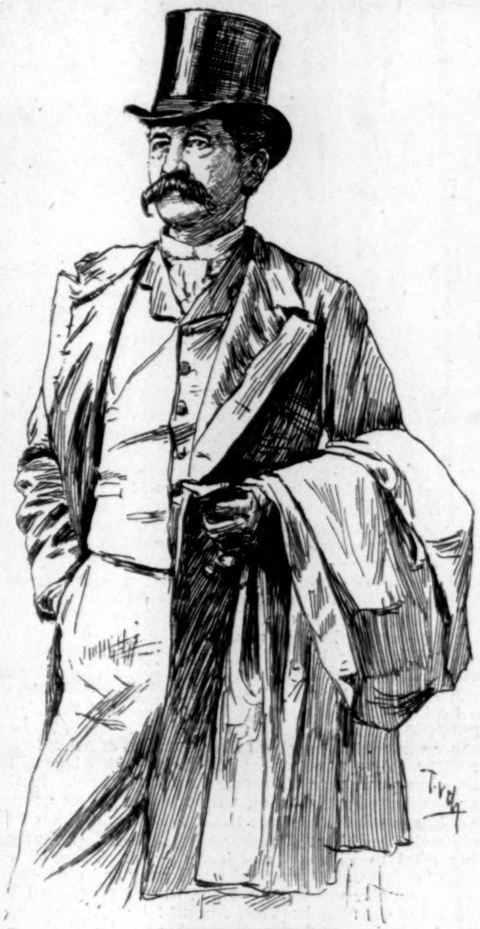
LEONARD W. JEROME.

Of all those who have engaged in horse-racing, whether for pleasure or for profit, there is no more familiar figure upon the turf than this gentleman. Although Mr. Jerome has not raced for years, he has through a ceaseless activity done more for horse-racing in this country than any other man in America. Mr. Jerome is best remembered on the turf by his celebrated horse Kentucky, who after a great career died before he had a chance to distinguish himself at the stud. Mr. Jerome is well known in New York society, in Wall Street—where he was a member of the once famous banking firm of Travers & Jerome—in political life, and on all occasions where there is an opportunity to prove his public spirit and good citizenship. The American Jockey Club, organized in 1866, was one of the notable results of Mr. Jerome's keen business foresight; Jerome Park, famous for twenty years as the rendezvous of the *élite* of the racing world, was created by him; he built and laid out Jerome Avenue, one of the most superb driveways in the country; and more than all this was his splendid endeavor for the "sport for kings" when, in 1879, Mr. Jerome proceeded to organize the now famous Coney Island Jockey Club, of which he is President at this writing, ably seconded by J. G. K. Lawrence, Esq., as Secretary and official handicapper, and J. H. Bradford, Esq., as Treasurer.

In 1878 the interest taken in racing in and about New York and Brooklyn was enormous. This led Mr. Jerome and others to believe that a race meeting between the spring meeting of the American Jockey Club and the summer meeting of the Monmouth Park Association would be appreciated. A temporary organization was effected, and the trotting track then known as the Prospect Driving Park was leased (the same grounds now occupied by the Brooklyn Jockey Club), and a three-days' meeting was begun June 21, 1879. The success of this meeting was so great that it led to a permanent organization, and during the winter Mr. Jerome was enabled to purchase 112 acres at Gravesend, about three-fourths of a mile from the Manhattan Beach Hotel. The inaugural meeting was begun June 19, 1880, although the first Suburban—now the most famous race in the United States—was not instituted and run until 1884, when it was won, after a grand struggle, by General Monroe (6), 124 lbs., in 2.11¾; War Eagle, 102 lbs., second; Jack of Hearts, 114 lbs., third. The first Futurity was run in 1888, and resulted in the memorable duel between Proctor Knott and Salvator. One of the best safeguards to the public in reference to the conduct of the affairs of the Coney Island Jockey Club is the irreproachable character of its officials. Some of these are Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, General Butterfield, Mr. C. Fellowes, Mr. R. C. Livingston, together with the famous trio of gentlemen in the judges' stand, Messrs. Bradford, Kip, and Lawrence. Mr. Jerome has also been largely instrumental in the creation of the superb Westchester track of the New York Jockey Club, of which he was also the first President, which, with its splendid straight course, noble grand stand, and perfect appointments, has founded a new era in American racing.

D. D. WITHERS.

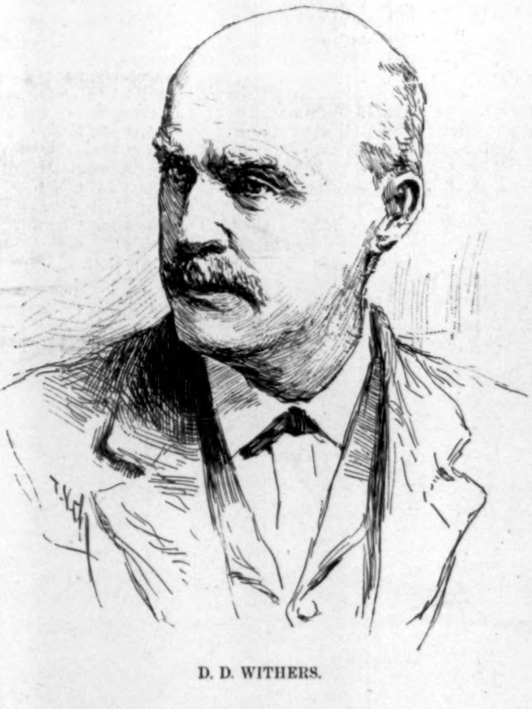
Mr. Withers's connection with and experience on the turf carries you back to the great contests between Lexington and Lecomte, and Mr. Withers has managed to remain in harness longer than any of his contemporaries. Mr. Withers was years ago connected with the well-known South-American house of Howland & Aspinwall, but for as long as the memory of the man of to-day runneth he has devoted himself to the interests of the turf. He is, in truth, an encyclopædia of facts connected with racing in this country, and his extended experience in France, upon which he justly prides himself, enables him to bring to bear upon his favorite recreation an amount of turf lore that is not equalled. Horse-racing with him is not a business; his ambition lies in the direction of breeding his own horses and winning with them; he rarely ever buys a yearling. In the winter-time he resides quietly at the Brevoort House, with a weekly trip to his stock farm near Red Bank, New Jersey, where he passes much of his time during the summer. At Brookdale Mr. Withers has about forty selected broodmares, many of them imported, and the following stallions: Uncas, Kinglike (a colt of his own breeding), imp. King Ernest, imp. Mortemer (French), imp. Stonehenge, imp. Macaroon, imp. Eothen, and Ventilator. His great hobby is to reach the perfection of breeding; and with this end in view he is continually breeding his mares to different stallions, not only to his own, but to those of his neighbors, when he thinks he has a chance to get a better colt by so doing. The season of 1888 was a great one for Mr. Withers; his two-year-olds were the best out, and he bred them all at Brookdale. In that year Mr. Withers won $77,000; but the season of 1889 was not so propitious, the total being much less. Undoubtedly Mr. Withers's greatest triumph of late years was the day Laggard, bred by himself, by Uncas (son of the great Lexington), out of imp. Dawdle, won the memorable race for the Omnibus Stakes at Monmouth, August 20, 1887, defeating Firenze, and lowering Hanover's colors for the second time. One of his peculiarities with his horses is that he rarely names them until they have won a race, and often not even then; witness his great colt by Sensation—imp. Faverdale.



LEONARD W. JEROME.

Mr. Withers is Treasurer of the Monmouth Park Racing Association, whose historic old circular track is being replaced by a new one of imposing dimensions and proportions. In this great transformation Mr. Withers has been the ruling spirit.

He has designed and superintended every detail connected with it; he has designed the grand stand, the stables, the track itself; in fact the new Monmouth track is the effort of Mr. Withers's life; and if all accounts are true, when its gates are thrown open on the Fourth of July next, the public will be called upon to inspect and enjoy the privileges of one of the greatest race-courses in the world.



D. D. WITHERS.

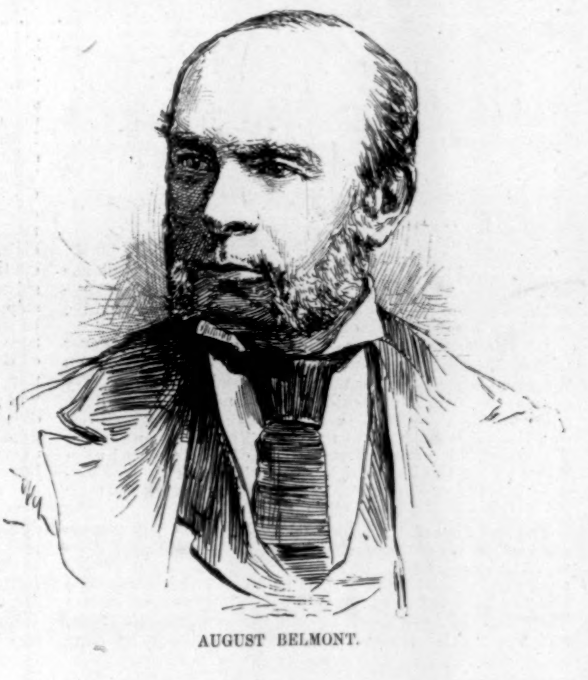
AUGUST BELMONT.

Mr. Belmont is a native of Alzey, Germany, and came to New York in 1836. From 1844–50 he was Consul-General for the Austrian government at New York; was appointed in 1853 Chargé d'Affaires for the United States at The Hague, and in 1854 Minister Resident. Mr. Belmont has always taken an active interest in the affairs of the Democratic party; was a delegate to the Convention of 1860, and until 1872 Chairman of the National Democratic Committee. In all public movements Mr. Belmont has proven himself a public-spirited and benevolent citizen. In social circles, in art matters—he has one of the best private collections of pictures in New York city—in music, in club life, he has always borne a prominent part. Mr. Belmont was educated in Frankfort, where his earliest experience in commercial life was in the parent house of the great banking firm of Rothschild. The firm of August Belmont & Co. is known all over the world as their American representative ever since Mr. Belmont first came to this country. But it is not only as a leading citizen and financier that Mr. Belmont is highly esteemed, but as one of the best-known and most popular turfmen in America. Mr. Belmont's connection with racing began about the time Jerome Park was established, and the first race-horse he owned was a filly named Maid of Honor, by Newminster, which Mr. Belmont imported from England. Mr. Belmont retired in 1881 for a short period, but eventually came back stronger than ever. Like Mr. Withers, his chief pride is to breed his own horses, and he would rather win a common purse race with a colt of his own raising than a stake worth thousands with a horse he had purchased. Mr. Belmont originally began breeding on his farm at Babylon, Long Island, but this is now used only by his horses in training. He purchased some two to three hundred acres in Kentucky, named it the Nursery Stud, and removed all his broodmares and stallions to the Blue Grass region. The stallions now in service at the Nursery Stud are: Kingfisher, Fiddlesticks, Magnetizer (of his own raising), imp. The Ill-Used, and his last and greatest acquisition, the Derby winner, imp. St. Blaise, sire of St. Carlo, St. James, and many others. Mr. Belmont was President of the American Jockey Club for twenty years, from the date of its organization until 1888, when he resigned. Mr. Belmont's presence upon the turf is for enjoyment and from a keen love of the sport; he thus represents the best element upon it.

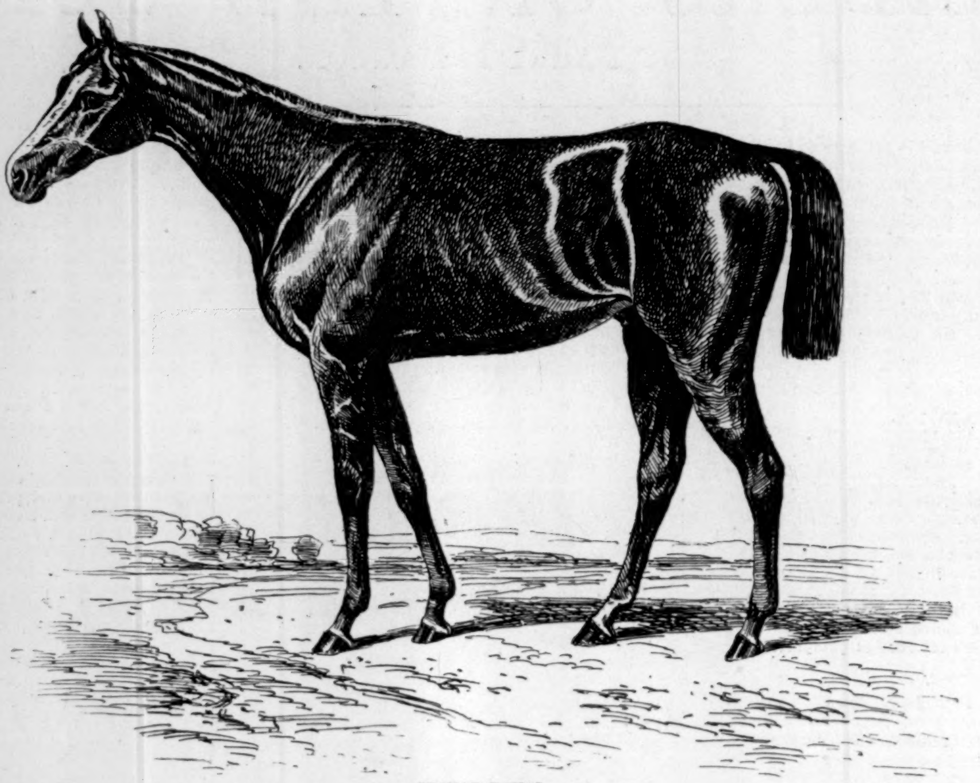
Prince Royal is a chestnut colt by Kingfisher—Princess. Mr. Belmont bred this colt, and he thinks as much of him as he does of any horse he owns; in fact, he claims he is a better horse than Raceland. The colt's career has undoubtedly been a fine one; as a two-year-old he started ten times—first twice, second once, third twice, and unplaced four times. But it was in his three-year-old form that he distinguished himself, proving himself a thoroughly game and speedy colt, and for one of his size a remarkable weight-carrier and stayer, starting sixteen times and eleven times winner. He had the Withers won, and only lost it to Sir Dixon by Godfrey's carelessness, and although defeated again by Sir Dixon in the Belmont, he turned the tables on the son of imp. Billet in the Coney Island Derby, 1½ miles, in 2:39¼; he was then third to Sir Dixon and Los Angeles for the Lorillard Stakes at Monmouth, but was not afterward beaten, his Jerome Stakes, 1¾ miles, 128 lbs. up, in 3:10¼, being a splendid achievement. At four, Prince Royal made his first appearance in the Brooklyn Handicap, and was defeated by a scant length by Exile, to whom he was conceding many pounds in weight. Shortly after this he struck himself while in exercise at Jerome Park, and was then retired for the season. Mr. Belmont seems to think his injuries only temporary, so that if he should come to the post sound after his long rest he may renew the triumphs of his three-year-old form, and carry the maroon with the red sash in many of the great handicaps.

J. B. HAGGIN.

Mr. Haggin is not only a great breeder and racer of thorough-bred horses, but he is also a great financier and merchant. The firm of Haggin & Tevis, bankers, of San Francisco, is too well known to dwell upon here, and Mr. Haggin's almost exclusive interest in the great Anaconda Copper Mine at Anaconda, Montana, has earned for him the title of "The Copper King of America." Mr. Haggin's début upon the turf in the East began in 1885, when Tyrant (by imp. Great Tom—Mariposa) made his appearance at Jerome Park, winning the Belmont and Withers, and also the Emporium at Coney Island, besides the Stockton and Hopeful stakes at Monmouth. Other good ones that Mr. Haggin showed that spring were Hildago (commonly known as the "Black Spaniard"), Preciosa, Ben Ali, Fortuna, etc. In the season of 1888 Mr. Haggin is said to have had one hundred horses in training, three trainers, three high-priced jockeys on "first call," and an army of stable-boys; but this was a disastrous season for Mr. Haggin, for although his winnings footed up nearly $136,000, that sum hardly equalled the expenses and the forfeit list. But it is as a breeder of race-horses that Mr. Haggin stands unequalled in the world.



AUGUST BELMONT.

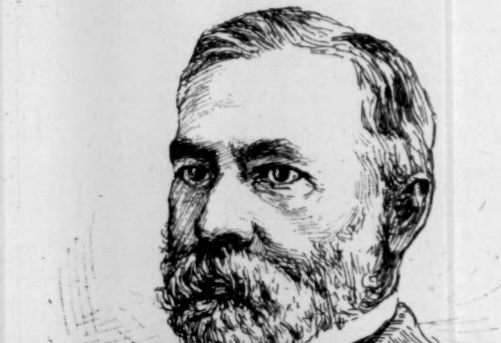


PRINCE ROYAL.

Mr. Haggin's mammoth stock farm is situated in Fresno County, California, and comprises, it is said, some 46,000 acres—almost the entire county. The "alfala grass" which grows in the Golden State undoubtedly possesses nutritive properties of a very high order, especially favorable to the early growth and maturity of the thorough-bred horse. This, with the equable climate, makes California a paradise for the breeder. Mr. Haggin has at Rancho del Paso over one hundred finely selected thorough-bred broodmares, including such celebrated ones as Miss Woodford, the greatest mare of her day, who won over $100,000; Maud Hampton, dam of King Fox, Ban Fox, and King Thomas; imp. Agenoria, dam of Pontiac and Pontico; Explosion, dam of the world-famous filly Dewdrop; imp. Second Hand, dam of Exile, Eric, Esquimau, etc.; Lou Lanier, dam of Katrine and Kaleidescope, etc., etc.

The stallions at Rancho del Paso are a wonderful lot of richly bred race-horses—horses that have made their mark on the turf, and proved themselves game and speedy racers, viz., Ban Fox, bred by Major B. G. Thomas at the Dixiana Stud, Kentucky; Hyder Ali, bred by the late Aristides Welsh at Erdenheim, near Philadelphia (Hyder Ali is the sire of Spokane, the winner of the Kentucky and American Derbys of 1889); John Happy, bred by Captain James Franklin at the Kennesaw Stud, Tennessee (this horse is a full brother to George Kinney); imp. Kyrle Daly; Milner, bred by Mr. F. A. Schemmerhorn, and a representative of the famous imp. Leamington; Warwick, another representative of the great son of Faugh-a-Ballagh; Longfield, a son of Monarchist, bred by the Hon. J. S. Boyd, of Kentucky, in 1876. Added to this imposing list are the celebrated Sir Modred and Darebin, imported from Australia in 1885 and 1886, and costing respectively $35,000 and $28,500.

Darebin was bred in 1878 by Mr. S. Gardiner, of Bundoora Park. His sire was The Peer, an English-bred horse, by the great Melbourne—a much-prized strain of racing blood, and very hard to obtain so close up as represented by Darebin. Darebin was also a first-class race-horse in Australia, and Mr. Haggin expects great things of his progeny. Sir Modred is in reality a New Zealand bred horse, and was foaled in 1877. Sir Modred proved himself a great cup horse at home, and will no doubt infuse a welcome addition of stout winning blood into our native thorough-bred. Mr. Haggin breeds, however, not only thorough-breds, but trotters as well, having over one hundred choice broodmares, and the stallions Albert W., son of the famous Electioneer, 125; Echo, by Hambletonian, 10; Alaska, also by Electioneer; Algona, by Almont, 33; Robert Lee, by Antwood, 600; and Western, by Hambletonian, Jun.



J. B. HAGGIN.

The life of the Rancho del Paso yearlings at home is one of activity. After being weaned, the colts are put in a large field, where they can get a straightaway run of nearly a mile, and the fillies in another of like extent.

"No such grand sight or struggle in actual racing was ever witnessed as that to be seen at Rancho del Paso, when on the signal being given for the evening feed, the forty or fifty colts, at the furthest extremity of a field perhaps a mile long, come tearing along at the very top of their speed, each one as he lays himself down to the ground straining, and trying his utmost, with the perfect instinct of the true-bred race-horse, to get the lead and keep it. It is this kind of out-door life which gives the Rancho del Paso yearlings their great size and muscular development."

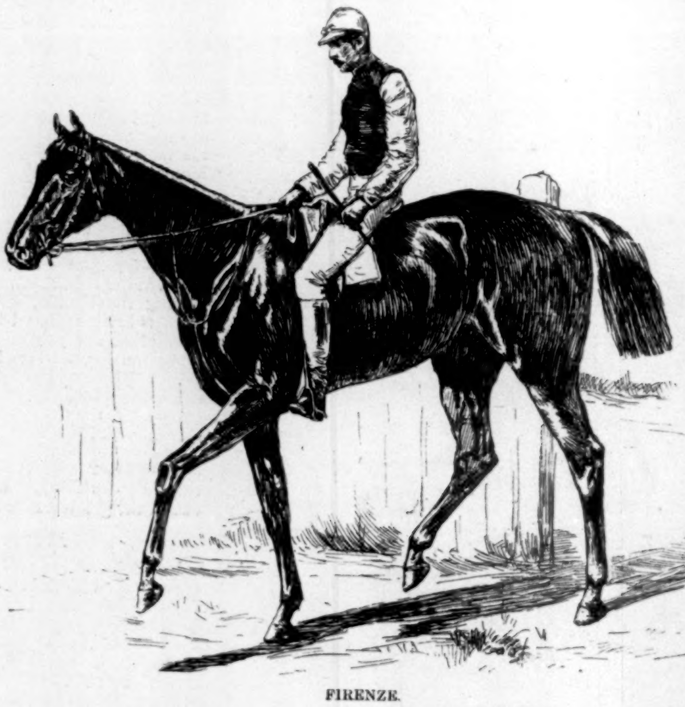
The sensation of the season of 1888 was the first appearance of Mr. Haggin's yearlings for sale in the East. Over 60 of them were brought over 3000 miles across the continent, and landed here in perfect health and condition. The sale was inaugurated by Mr. William Easton, the well-known Tattersalls of America, at the old Madison Square Garden, and was notable for the price fetched ($38,000) by King Thomas, a full brother to King Fox and Ban Fox. King Thomas ultimately passed into the hands of Senator Hearst, and has not yet earned his oats. The second sale of the thorough-breds was held at the Blood Stock Sale Paddocks, July 1, 1889, and the first sale of the trotters in the American Institute building in March last, both by Mr. Easton.

Mr. Haggin had a very successful season on the turf in 1889, with a comparatively small number of horses, of which the principal winners were Salvator (second in the first Futurity, and winner of the Realization Stakes in 1889, value $34,100) and the Queen of the Turf Firenze. Firenze is a bay mare about 15.1 hands high, and on rather a small model, but for all that one of the greatest mares ever bred in this country. Firenze was foaled in 1884, at the Elmendorf Stud, near Lexington, Kentucky, bred by Mr. D. Swigert, and purchased by Mr. John Mackey, of California, for Mr. Haggin, at a cost of $2600. She is by imp. Glenelg (he by Citadel by the great Stockwell), out of Florida by Virgil, full sister to Hindoo, the sire of Hanover. Her full brother was sold last spring to Messrs. J. A. & A. H. Morris for $7000. As a two-year-old Firenze made her bow to the public in a purse race at Saratoga, August 2, 1886. In that year she started eight times, with five firsts. As a three-year-old she started fourteen times, being eight times first. At four she made her first stake appearance in the Suburban, being third to Elkwood and Terra Cotta. Then, after a series of defeats, she "rounded into form," and then scored the most notable victory of her life, when she defeated The Bard for the Freehold Stakes, August 2d, at Monmouth, 1½ miles, 113 lbs. up, in 2.34, thus equalling Luke Blackburn's famous record made eight years before. After this Firenze was practically unbeatable, and closed that season the equine heroine of the year, starting twenty-two times, being fourteen times first. As a test of her superb powers, witness her race for the Great Long Island Stakes at Coney Island, September 15, 1888, 1⅛ mile heats, 125 lbs. up, winning the race in straight heats without urging in 1.56, 1.56¾. Considering the weight carried, this is one of the superlative performances in turf records, and in reality far superior to Gabriel's record of 1.56 for two consecutive heats with only 112 lbs. up. In 1889, at five years old, the daughter of imp. Glenelg–Florida did not appear at her best, as compared with her form of the year previous, for while she started twenty-one times and won twelve of her races, they were usually not so high a class as those she conquered in the year before.

A. J. CASSATT.

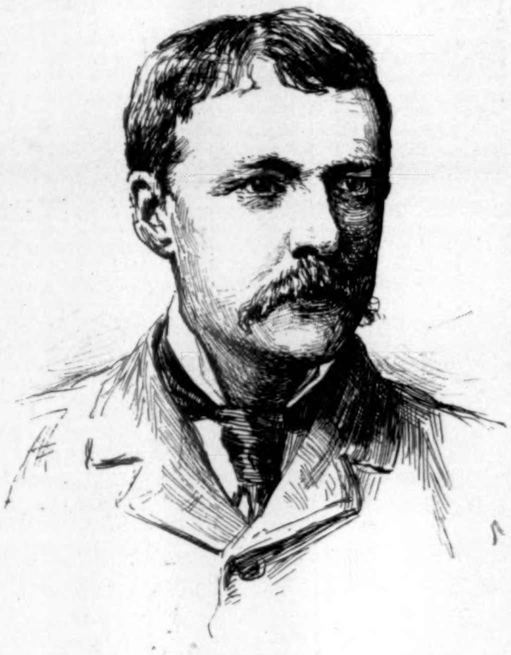
The master of Chesterbrook began life as a civil engineer. Taking service at an early period of his career as an ordinary "rod-man" on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as did also ex-Presidents J. Edgar Thomson, Thomas A. Scott, President George B. Roberts, and many others of this great corporation's most successful officials. Mr. Cassatt remained continuously with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and rose step by step in its service, to be second vice-president. He then resigned, being desirous of devoting his whole attention to his private affairs, in which he has been extraordinarily successful, being reputed a millionaire several times over. Mr. Cassatt enjoys the reputation of being one of the brightest railroad men this country ever produced, and his successful career and rapid advancement in the Pennsylvania Railroad fully justify this verdict. Mr. Cassatt, together with the Hon. William L. Scott, built and equipped the New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk Railroad, thus providing an air line to Old Point Comfort, a great convenience to the travelling public, and, as it has proved, a most fortunate investment for its projectors. Mr. Cassatt is president of the company. Mr. Cassatt resides during the winter months on South Nineteenth Street, Philadelphia, and for the summer has a beautiful country-seat at Haverford, a station on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Cassatt has recently had himself appointed superintendent of the county roads, and such has been his well-directed energy that the farmers have been obliged to turn out and keep the roads in repair, the result being the best roads that section of the country has ever known. This has been done largely at Mr. Cassatt's personal expense, but this is a trifle to this gentleman when the general welfare is under consideration. Mr. Cassatt's first appearance on the turf was in 1881, under the name of Mr. Kelso, which he, however, soon relinquished for his own. Mr. Cassatt is a devoted admirer of the equine race—in fact, of animal life in general—and races for the pure love of the "sport," and, if possible, to breed and raise his own race-horses. Mr. Cassatt succeeded the late Mr. George L. Lorillard as president of the Monmouth Park Racing Association, being elected to that office June 30, 1886. Last season Mr. Cassatt determined to retire from actual racing, and with the exception of Eurus and The Bard, he sold at auction all his horses in training, and also all his yearlings, at the American Horse Exchange, October 29, 1889, under the management of Mr. Sanders D. Bruce, author of The *American Stud-Book* and editor of *The Turf, Field, and Farm.* Mr. Cassatt, during his short stay upon the turf, has the proud distinction of having won both the great spring handicaps—the Suburban with Eurus, the Brooklyn with The Bard. This is a feat no other turfite has yet accomplished. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Cassatt will at an early date reconsider his determination not to race. The turf can ill afford to lose so high a type of the gentleman. Few people who have once engaged in this alluring sport are ever able to remain away for good, the fascination of it is too great. It is certainly desirable that this may hold good in Mr. Cassatt's case, and that he will soon return to the "fold" with a formidable "string" of thorough-breds to carry the red, white, and blue to the front.

Mr. Cassatt established this beautiful stock farm in 1881. It comprises 640 acres of superbly undulating farming country in Chester County, Pennsylvania, about five miles from Berwyn, a station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, eighteen miles from Philadelphia, and derives its name from the creek that flows through it. It was my privilege quite recently to visit this beautiful place. Mr. Colgan politely met me at the station, and we were soon on our way to the farm, behind a five-year-old by Stratford out of a farm mare, over a splendidly macadamized road, built and maintained by Mr. Cassatt. As you enter the farm gate, the half-mile track stands to the left, and the buildings on a piece of rising ground right at the head of the lane. A short distance on we met old Eurus, Cottrell up, and Huggins, on their way to the track to give the Suburban winner of 1887 a gallop. On arriving at the buildings, Mr. Colgan turned me over to Mr. William Steel, the stud groom, in whom I found a thoroughly entertaining and highly competent man. Mr. Cassatt is fortunate in possessing his services. The first horse shown was Bend Or, by imp. Buckden, a fine specimen of the thorough-bred and a good race-horse in his day; he is closely allied in blood to the great Tremont. Then Stratford, by imp. Leamington, out of Susan Beane by the great Lexington, a full brother to Onondaga and the unbeaten Sensation. Stratford is a deep bay about 15¾ hands high, and splendidly developed



FIRENZE.

and muscled all over; his legs and feet are particularly fine, and these he transmits to his "get" with marked uniformity. Stratford is the sire of Connemara, Now or Never, Shamrock, and Taragon, who beat Sir Dixon for the Omnibus Stakes at Monmouth, winning for Mr. Cassatt on that day $17,435. Mr. Cassatt also breeds largely from his three imp. Hackney stallions, of which Little Wonder is the best known; and he deserves his name, for it is really marvellous how the little horse stamps all his colts with his own splendid individuality. Mr. Cassatt also raises Shropshire sheep, Berkshire pigs, and besides has a splendid herd of Guernsey cattle, some of the cows costing $1000 apiece.



A. J. CASSATT.

Another thorough-bred horse that Mr. Cassatt has recently acquired is imp. Uhlan, by The Ranger, foaled in 1869, and imported into New Mexico in 1876. Uhlan is a superb brown horse with a fine back and lots of substance. With a good show at the stud he ought to get some race-horses. After a long tour all over this splendid property, an inspection of the yearlings, in excellent shape and as good as can be seen, with a glance too at the recent foals, among them Dry Monopole's first colt, out of imp. Clara, dam of Cartoon and Reclare, I returned to the stallion stable to inspect that most famous of race-horses, The Bard.

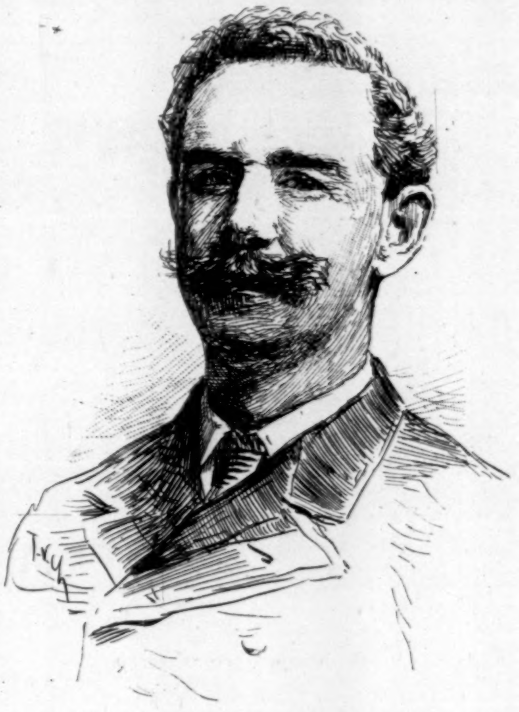
The Bard is a bright bay horse with black points, standing full 16 hands high, and weighing about 1050 lbs. He was bred by Mr. Charles Reed, Fairview Stud, Gallatin, Tennessee, and was foaled in 1883; purchased as a yearling in May, 1884, for Mr. Cassatt, by Colonel S. D. Bruce at a cost of $1800. Longfellow, his sire, was one of the few really great racers in the category of horse-racing. The Bard combines the great blood of his grandsire, imp. Leamington, sire of Iroquois, Harold, Powhatan, Parole, Eolus, etc., etc. Bradamante, The Bard's dam, was a good race-mare, and comes from one of the richest breeding "families" on the turf, viz., War Dance, by Lexington out of Reel, and the famous mare Levity, by imp. Trustee out of Vandal's dam. The Bard is not a "pretty horse," but now that he has let down, lengthened, and spread all over, he is a horse of grand dimensions.

The Bard had what may be aptly called a checkered career upon the turf. His first appearance at two was June 25, 1885, at Coney Island, running unplaced to Inspector B., was second to Portland for the Great Post Stakes at the same meeting, and scored his first winning brackets in the Red Bank Stakes, July 25, 1885, at Monmouth; then won the Bouquet Stakes at the Coney Island autumn meeting, defeating Inspector B. and other good ones, but was crowded into the rails and so badly scraped that he was obliged to forego his Jerome Park engagements. He closed his two-year-old career by winning the Capital Stakes at Washington, one mile in 1.48. At three he opened his season in Baltimore, May 21, 1886, winning the Preakness Stakes, beating Eurus, Elkwood, Eolian, and Rock and Rye, 1½ miles, in 2.45; second to Inspector B. for the Belmont, Jerome Park, June 5th; unplaced for the Grass Stakes to Dry Monopole, Coney Island, June 10th; second again to Inspector B. for the Stud Stakes, Coney Island, June 25th; second, with 118 lbs., to Winfred, 108 lbs., for the Emporium, Coney Island, June 24th; dead heat with the peerless Dewdrop, and walked over for the Spindrift Stakes, Coney Island, June 30th; won Barnegat Stakes, Monmouth, July 16th; second to Dewdrop for Stevens Stakes, Monmouth, July 20th; second, with 118 lbs., to Charity, 106 lbs., Monmouth, July 24th; won Freehold Stakes, Monmouth, July 27th; won Omnibus Stakes, beating Dewdrop, Ben Ali, and others, Monmouth, August 12th; won Choice Stakes, again defeating Dewdrop and Ben Ali, Monmouth, August 17th; and from then on was unbeaten, winning September Stakes at Coney Island, the Jerome Stakes at Jerome Park, the Dixie and Breckinbridge Stakes at Baltimore, closing his season by winning the Potomac Stakes at Washington, October 30th, defeating Elkwood, in 2.27. At four, made his initial bow at Brooklyn, June 14, 1887, winning the June Special, one mile and a furlong, in 1.55; then, on June 16th, won St. James Hotel Stakes, 1¼ miles, 2.08¾; next first met and defeated that great son of Lisbon, Troubadour, in the Coney Island Stakes by three lengths, 1⅛ miles, in 1.55; won the Coney Island Cup, 1¾ miles, June 25th, beating Elkwood, Barnum, and Rataplan in 3.03. On July 4th suffered his first defeat in his four-year-old form, being second to Troubadour for the Ocean Stakes at Monmouth, 1⅛ miles, in 1.56¼; and again second to Troubadour for the Monmouth Cup, 1¾ miles, 3.04; then came round to his old speed, winning the Freehold Stakes, 1¼ miles, beating Barnum and Troubadour, in 2.39¾; won Eatontown Stakes, 1 mile, in 1.43¾, defeating Preciosa, Climax, and Osceola. On top of these brilliant victories came his sudden and almost fatal illness. People went to Monmouth to the races, but never forgot to ask after The Bard. The original trouble was simply a stoppage of the bowels, and in using a syringe to give the horse an injection the delicate tissue of the bowels was unfortunately injured. For days The Bard's life was despaired of, but finally, by great care, he was saved, and sent back to Chesterbrook to recuperate. He came forth in 1888, five years old, and signalized his return to health by winning the Brooklyn Jockey Club Handicap, May 15th, 1¼ miles, 125 lbs. up, over a track like a sheet of water—time, 2.13—the great Hanover second, Exile third; then, for the second time, won the St. James Hotel Stakes, 1¼ miles, 122 lbs., in 2.08, defeating Sir Dixon, 3 years, 102 lbs., and Banburg, 115 lbs.; May 26th, won Brooklyn Cup; May 30th, walked over for the Second Special; June 16th, walked over for the Coney Island Stakes; June 21st, won Coney Island Cup, beating Hidalgo and Elkwood, 1¾ miles, 3.06¾; then, July 4th, won Ocean Stakes at Monmouth, 120 lbs., 1⅛ miles, 1.55; Kingston, 118 lbs., second; Firenze, 113 lbs., third. The next race, the Freehold Stakes, August 2d, proved the Waterloo of his turf career. Firenze, 113 lbs. up, won the race; and The Bard, 120 lbs. up, pulled up lame, and has not since been seen at the post, and has now been definitely retired to the stud. The Bard was one of the most honest race-horses that ever stood on iron in America. He did not finish like Terra Cotta, nor display the vim and fire of Luke Blackburn or Hanover, but he raced from "end to end," as the saying goes, and his numerous accidents, coupled with the horse's undoubted "gameness," caused him to be the turf idol of his time.

M. F. DWYER.

Dwyer Brothers! There is not a race-goer in America but what is familiar with the red with blue sash of the "Brooklyn Stable." The Dwyers began racing in 1876. At first they followed the trotters with a few nags of their own, but the first running race they saw converted them, and they have clung to the "bang tails" ever since. The first horse they ever owned was Rhadamanthus, who under their tutelage won them some remarkably good races and a lot of money; beginning in 1876 with three horses, they wound up in 1889 with thirty-five in training, heading the list of winning owners with $166,000, Longstreet leading their string with nearly $39,000. In looking back over their career, their first great winning season was 1880, Luke Blackburn's year, the first really great horse they owned; that year saw them winners of $77,000, nearly three times as much as the year before, and more than their three previous seasons combined. The annals of the turf fairly blaze with their success; in addition to the great son of imp. Bonnie Scotland, they have owned "bull-dog" George Kinney, Richmond, Hindoo, the unbeaten Tremont, Miss Woodford, Tea Tray, Dewdrop (the flying filly purchased at the Lorillard sale in 1886 for $29,000), Pontiac, bought at the same sale for $17,000, winner of the Suburban in 1885, etc., etc.; indeed, there has never been a year in which they have not had as good as the best. Their extraordinary success as a racing confederacy is unparalleled in turf annals. "Tremont's year" was their greatest year, they winning then the enormous sum of $208,169; in the fourteen years of their turf career they have won close to $1,250,000! Racing with these gentlemen is not a sentiment but a business, and they carry it on with the highest intelligence, indomitable courage, and matchless integrity. It would be hard to find any firm who has ever engaged in racing as a business which has gone through so extended a career and preserved intact such an untarnished name. It can be truthfully said that they have done as much to preserve decency upon the turf as any one who has ever raced. They are the most popular owners the American turf has ever known, and possess an enormous following of faithful adherents. Mr. M. F. Dwyer, whose potrait is given, is the junior of the two brothers. Mr. Dwyer is President of the newly organized and successful New Jersey Jockey Club, near Elizabeth. Both brothers may be said to "live with their horses," and this is one secret of the "Dwyer luck"; but "Mike" is the "plunger" of the two, and when he is ready to "go down the line," he does not stop so long as the "bookies" are willing to take his money. In victory or defeat they are always calm and collected, being just as good "losers" as they are "winners." They are also the principal owners of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, organized by them in 1886, of which Mr. Philip J. Dwyer is President, Mr. H. D. McIntyre being Secretary and official handicapper for both clubs. Every year they hold a sale of their surplus racers, and so great is the prestige of their judgment that a "Dwyer cast-off" will always bring a good price. Their string of horses for the coming season will embrace the mighty Kingston, Inspector B., Longstreet, Aurania (sister to Tremont), Blackburn, June Day (brother to Bessie June), Kingsbridge (brother to Kingston), Sir Dixon, Extra Dry (brother to Dry Monopole, winner of the inaugural Brooklyn Handicap in 1887), Bella B. (sister to Inspector B.), Blue Bird (brother to Blue Wing), Flatbush (brother to Firenze), and an army of maiden two-year-olds, and the well-known horse Hanover.

Hanover is a chestnut horse, standing close to 16 hands, by Hindoo, dam Bourbon Belle by imp. Bonnie Scotland. He was bred by Messrs. Clay & Woodford at their Runnymede Stud, Paris, Kentucky, foaled in 1884, and sold at their spring sale, May 12, 1885, to the Dwyer Brothers for $1350. He started as a two-year-old four times, winning all his races.

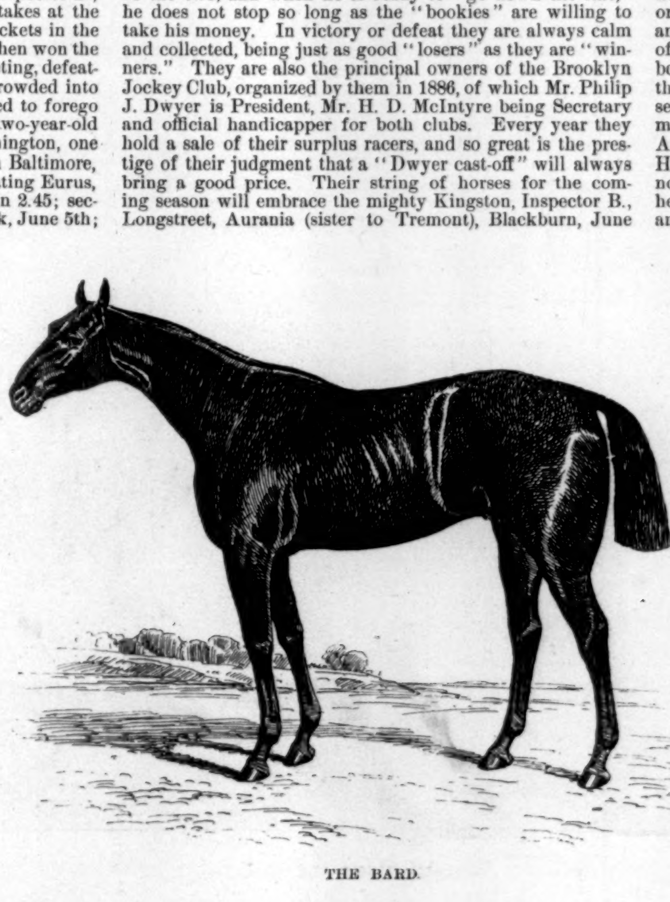


M. F. DWYER.

In 1887, at three, his career has never been equalled, retiring at the end of the season with nearly $90,000 to his credit. Hanover's first appearance as a three-year-old was in the Carlton Stakes at the Brooklyn meeting, winning easily, 1 mile, in 1.43¼; next, the Brookdale Handicap; then the Withers at Jerome Park, May 30th, 1 mile, 1.46½; and in his next race had a practical walk-over for the Belmont; won Brooklyn Derby by fifteen lengths; at Coney Island—Swift Stakes (beating Kingston and Firenze), Tidal Stakes (again defeated Kingston in "a walk"), Coney Island Derby (winning "pulled double"); and then the greatest race of his life, winning the Emporium, 1½ miles, 128 lbs. up, in 2.35¾; also the Spindrift Stakes, 125 lbs., 1¼ miles, 2.11¼; the rich Lorillard Stakes at Monmouth, worth $13,080 to the winner; the Stockton Stakes next, value $6080; Barnegat Stakes, 1¼ miles, 125 lbs., track heavy, in 2.44¼; the valuable Stevens Stakes; then, on July 30th, met his first defeat, in the Raritan Stakes, with 128 lbs., being second to Laggard, 111 lbs. His next race, however, was for the Champion Stakes, easily defeating Volante and Firenze, 1½ miles, in 2.38. At Saratoga won the United States Hotel Stakes. Then came that terrific battle for the Omnibus Stakes: Laggard, 118 lbs., first; Firenze, 120 lbs., second; Hanover, 128 lbs., third; noses apart only dividing this equine trio at the finish. Then succumbed in the Choice Stakes to Banburg, 110 lbs. He was then given a long rest, but ran unplaced for the First Special at Brooklyn; but won Second Special with his old-time dash. He now became more or less unreliable, the trouble being in one of his forefeet, and ultimately underwent successfully the delicate operation of nerving. The lameness showed itself at Baltimore, October 31st, after he had won a mile dash in 1.41¾. He was then retired for that season, having started in all twenty-seven times—twenty firsts, unplaced but once, and winning more money than any three-year-old yet shown in America. At four Hanover was second to The Bard for the Brooklyn Handicap, and won some fair races; but neither in that year nor in his five-year-old form did he recover the great speed he had at three. He is, however, a "magnificent cripple," and liable to win glory for himself and his owners in the future. The Dwyers also own Houston, a full brother to Hanover, for whom they paid $8400, but who does not as yet promise as well as his mighty brother.

HON. WILLIAM L. SCOTT.

Among all the celebrated self-made men of this great country none has had a more brilliantly successful career than the Hon. Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania. As a boy he served as a page in the House of Representatives, and eventually saw himself elected a member of that body in the Fiftieth Congress, representing the Erie district of his State. Mr. Scott was also a prominent member of the Democratic Central Committee during the Presidential campaigns of 1884–8. During his term in Congress Mr. Scott was practically the leader of his party in the House, and a trusted and confidential adviser of President Cleveland, but subsequently declined a re-election, preferring to return to private life. Mr. Scott is one of the largest operators in and miners of bituminous coal in the country, being one of the so-called "coal barons" of Pennsylvania. He is also largely interested in various railroads, and occupies a prominent place among the financiers of this country, and is well known and highly respected as a public-spirited citizen. Mr. Scott makes his home at Erie, but has also a palatial residence at Washington, which he established at the beginning of his Congressional term, and has maintained ever since.



THE BARD.